

Sports Illustrated



August 21, 1987 \$1.75

**THE BEST
IN THE
WORLD**

**Carl Lewis Scores
A Stunning Triple
At Helsinki**



Michelob® Light

A rich, smooth taste you can
compare to any beer you like.

MICHELOB
Light

Experience Taste in a Light Beer

MICHELOB
Light



OFFICIAL BEER OF
THE 1996 OLYMPIC TEAM



If you're looking for a bargain, you might as well get something good.

New HP-86B. Hewlett-Packard quality for under \$2900!

Now you can get the expertise, quality and reliability you need to get the job done—at a price you'd never expect.

The HP-86B personal computer with single disc drive is now just \$2820*.

Massive software selection.

Our HP Series 80 software catalog is 450 pages long—with everything from break-even analysis to vector arithmetic. In addition, the catalog includes dozens of general-business packages like Peachtree® accounting and VisiCalc® PLUS.

Add the optional CP/M module, and you'll extend your system even further to accept many popular programs such as WordStar® and dBASE II.™

Better graphics, fewer steps.

You can make your data "take shape" quickly and easily, directly transferring from screen to paper without re-programming. With an optional HP plotter and graphics software, you'll make professional-quality pie and bar charts, line graphs, text pages, and overhead transparencies. Which means you can literally get ready for a meeting in minutes, and even have your visuals in color.

Easy to program, hard to ignore.

Should you need to go beyond the hundreds of ready-to-run programs and create your own software, powerful step-saving features like automatic syntax checking speed the process.

So if you're looking for a bargain, don't

ignore the HP-86B: the personal computer that's priced right and doesn't compromise on quality. For the authorized HP dealer nearest you, call TOLL-FREE (800) FOR-HPPC and ask for operator #45 M-F 6am-6pm Pacific Time.

*Price includes 128K computer hardware, 12" monitor and triple 5.25" 5 1/4" disc drive. With dual 40K capacity disc drive, \$3395. For more U.S. suggested retail and this year outside the U.S., call 1-800-541-5333. HP is a registered trademark of Hewlett-Packard Company. dBASE II is a registered trademark of Arboris, Inc. Peachtree is a registered trademark of Peachtree Software, Inc. VisiCalc is a registered trademark of VisiCorp. CP/M is a registered trademark of Intertec Corporation, Inc.

THE HP-86B AT A GLANCE.

Uses memory 128K 40K	Operating Systems HP Enhanced BASIC, Apple II, UT-SD p-System™, CP/M
Microprocessor: Canon HP	
Display 80 characters x 24 lines Capacitive resolution 9440 x 1440	Communications/interfacing RS-232C (19.2K-9600 baud) or RS-422 (GPIB), or D HP II, plug-in modules, optional external
Keyboard 14 function keys, 30 key number pad	Peripherals 8 printers, 5 plotters, Watchtower hard discs

Personal computers
& calculators for
professionals on the move.

PG07337 693C



**HEWLETT
PACKARD**

**"I make double what my father made.
And I've got less to show for it."**



"People need help with their money."

For close to a century, Sears has been synonymous with providing the people of America with what they need, when they need it.

And with the formation of the Sears Financial Network, at a time when people need help with their money, the tradition lives on.

Dean Witter for investments. Coldwell Banker for real estate. Allstate for insurance. Allstate Savings for banking.

These companies are the Sears Financial Network. And they bring their excellent reputations and years of experience to a very important task.

Providing topflight financial services, straight talk and understandable answers to the people who need them most. You.

Combined, these companies have over 3,000 offices throughout the country, so the help won't be hard to find. Additionally, an increasing number of Sears stores now have a Sears Financial Network center where the companies are all together, under one roof, open whenever Sears is open.

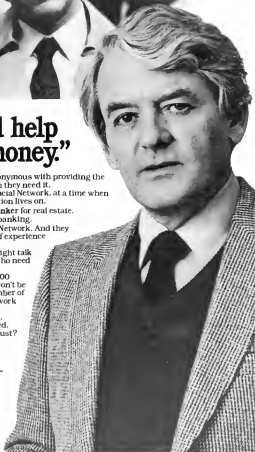
Either way, it's time to get the help you need. And what better way than from people you trust?
Trust us to make it work for you.



**SEARS
FINANCIAL
NETWORK**

*Allstate
Dean Witter Reynolds
Coldwell Banker
Allstate Savings*

*Available in California. © Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1983.
Allstate Insurance Companies, Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois.



CONTENTS

- 16 Putting It All on the Line**
 Mary Decker won two gold medals and Carl Lewis three in track and field's magnificent first World Championships **by Kenny Moore**
- 32 At Last, Some D for San Diego**
 No Air Coryell lead was safe with the Chargers' alleged defiance, but five rookies could change that situation **by Rick Telander**
- 36 A Yank Who's Cashing In**
 America's Cash Amusement has taken to riding in France in grand style. Now he's vying for the top pockey award **by Clive Gammon**
- 68 A Crown for the (N)iceman**
 It took two fights and 24 rounds for low-key Milton McCrory to beat Colin Jones for the WBC welterweight title **by Clive Gammon**
- 74 Some Like It Hot**
 Chicago's pitchers do. After a frigid start they warmed up with the weather and led the Sox into first place **by Frank Deford**

DEPARTMENTS

Scorecard	11	Horse Racing	66	For the Record	91
TV/Radio	60	Boxing	68	19th Hole	92
Baseball	62	Soccer	70	Credits on page 87	

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-8271) is published weekly, except semi-weekly during weeks in February and a week in September, 480 times each calendar year and by Time Inc. 2425 Avenue of the Stars, New York, NY 10020. J.R. Hume, President; Thayer Holt, Publisher; C.B. Scott, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Authorize all subscriptions to Post Office Dept. Orders, Claims and all payments in cash. U.S. subscription: \$4.75 for 12 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, TIME/LIFE Building, 541 N. Michigan Ct., Chicago, IL 60611.

© 1983 Time Inc. All rights reserved. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF TIME INC. WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF TIME INC.

Founder: Henry R. Lucas 1898-1987

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald

President: J. Richard Murrell

Chairman of the Board: Ralph J. Dandano

Executive Vice President: Colville J. Gurn

Editorial Director: Telford Graves

Group Vice President, Magazines: Edith F. Sutton

Executive Vice President, Magazines: Philip G. Hawlett

Managing Editor: Gilbert Rogin

Assistant Managing Editors: Kenneth Rubenstein, Peter Cary, Mark

Murphy, Thérèse Bingham (Illustrations)

Art Director: Harvey Guit

Editorial Operations Director: Bob Brown

Scorecard Editor: Jerry Kirschenbaum

Senior Editors: Theodore N. Berschman, Bill Colson, Myra Gelberd

(MILITARY), Larry P. Smith, Barbara La Fontaine, Julie Lano, Scott

Leavitt, Jim Marshall, John Paganini

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Robert W. Cooney, Rick

Deford, Ron Fennell, Clive Gammon, Dan Jenkins, William Dwyer

Jordan, Ray Kinsley, Curry R. Korman, William Luggan, Douglas

S. Looney, Kerry Moore, William Nicks, Bob O'Leary, Sarah Pflieger

Pat Runkin, John Underwood, Paul Zimmerman

Associate Writers: Barry McDermott, Sam Moses, Bruce

Pennington, J. M. Smith, Rick Tealander, David Wolf

Associate Editors: Julie Campbell, Gay Flood, Akiva Vengshon

Staff Writers: Anthony Caplan, Jim Caplan, Dan Levin, Frank Lupo,

Jack McCallum, Craig Neill, William Tarr, Ham Westbrook, Ralph

Wiles, Alexander Wiley

Picture Editor: Sandra Mendel

Production Manager: Greta W. Ulrich

Chief of Reporters: Jane S. Bachman

Photography: Thomas A. Deubner (Sports), Lewis Capozzello

(Amateur), Corinne Steyer, Peter Kavin, Fitzgerald, Loretta Faganelli

Seaton, J. Maynard, Theodore Stepien, Robert N. Swine, Dennis

Talbot, Jeffery Webb

Photography Staff: Andy Hart, John Isacco, Henri Kluksman

Kenny Murph, Lynn Saper, John Tella

Contributors: Rich Carlsberg, Jerrisa Cook, William Edwards

Walter Jones, J. Carl Nassau, Bruce Nixson, Richard Magallon, Peter

Rand, Walter Ronsch, C. Wooten, Herb Schermer, George Soderstrom,

Tom Tumbler

Wire Reporters: N. Brooks Clark, Roger Jackson, Jill Lauer

D. Alexander (Soccer), Robert Lufkin, Michael Ruckert

Senior Reporters: Walter Ames, Linda Ann March, Paula Phelps,

Angel Reyes

Reporters: Bruce Anderson, Verlene Berggren, Bruce Berman,

Sam Buchanan, Jay Duckert, Sandy Green, Amy Kelly, Ken

Kerzman, Ivan Mestel, Lisa Newman, J.E. Vander Carlsberg, Wade

Walters

Art Department: Richard Warner (Copy), Director; Lawrence R.

Gendron (Assistant), Director; Ann Segelman, Maria Jordan,

Joseph J. Kallman, J. Thurston Martin, Catherine Smith, Edward

J. Thorne

Copy Desk: Betty Gendron (Sports), Edward B. Glick (Sports),

John Bortolin, Lawrence Caplan, Martin Gendron, J. Kallman, Joe

Leavitt, Jill Lauer, Barbara W. Murray, Sylvia Sauer, Robert H.

Williams

Production: George Helms (Sports), Richard Cohen, Peter C.

Musick, Kenneth Tumbler

Artists: Linda B. Vengshon, Margaret Jack, Associate Editor;

Constance Tubel (Illustration Editor)

Special Contributors: Josh Ackerman-Brown, Michael

Amendman, Mervyn B. Casale, Jack Fala, John Gentry, Art

Rosen, F. James George Fleming, Gary Smith, Jeremiah Tex, Terry

Tubler

Special Correspondents: Elizabeth Mayhew (SFR), Alexander

Frank (Soccer), Anne David Davidson, Anne Jeffery Rankin, Anne

Joe (Olympics), Anne Pease, Dan Haddock, Benjamin, Jimmy

Brown, Sam Jim Pappas, Benton, Leo Marabeni, Bruce Dill, Jonathan

Quinn, Guy City Spiller Jr., Christine Romig, Craig, Ray, Sam

Seaman, Jay Scholten, Gwendolyn, Charles, Michael

Kaye, Cassin, David, Steve Peters, Denver, Peter, Marjorie, De

Wanna, Bob, Adelle, David, Jerry Glick, Gwendolyn, Smith, Bernad, Sam

Seaman, Rennie, Conrad, Michael, Joe, Ralph, Andrew, John, Dan

Lighter, Margaret, Dick, Dennis, Gwendolyn, Bill, Glick, Kansas, City

Telephoto, C. Henry, Gwendolyn, Dan, David, John, Dan, David, Henry, John

Leavitt, Scott, Blot, Los Angeles, Jack, Tobin, Lawrence, William, P.

Read, Memphis, Morrison, McCoy, Sam, Charles, Nathan, Alexander

Rich, West, Margaret, Dick, Dennis, Margaret, George, Hanson, Jack

Walt, Mark, New, David, Peter, Penny, Gwendolyn, Joe, Fred, Scott,

Charles, Hilda, Linda, Margaret, Gwendolyn, Glick, Peter, Peter, Frank

Gandy, Anthony, Bill, Livingston, Anne, Ken, Wheeler, Frederick,

John, Hamilton, Kenneth, Bill, Bill, Joe, Joe, George, Frederick, Dan

Ames, Ray, Leo, David, Bill, Carter, Sam, Fennell, Art, Robert

Sam, Joe, John, Connie, Lippert, Sam, Emma, Vernon, Sam, Anne

Bill, Mark, Gendron, Jack, Lino, Bill, Lino, Bill, Lino, Bill, Lino

Bill, Vernon, New, Gwendolyn, Bill, McCann, Sam, Sam, Mark,

Rebecca, Ray, Macgregor, Rebecca, Brian, Leno, Mark, David, Campbell,

Washington, Martin, Ted

Time-Life News Service: Richard E. Berman (SFR)

Letters: Art Scott

Editorial Services: Christine Wylford (SFR), Benjamin, Lige-

man, Herbert G. Olin, Alex Jack, Elizabeth G. Young

Copy Processing: Robert J. Aussen, Margaret, David H. Logan

Scott, T. MacLennan

Publisher: Robert L. Miller

Associate Publisher & Advertising Sales Director:

Donald J. Ben

Advertising Sales Manager: Thomas J. Hadden Jr.

General Manager: Ann S. Moore

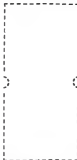
Business Manager: E. Bruce Hallett

Circulation Director: Robert D. McGlach

Special Events Director: Ruth Morris

Entrepreneur: Thomas E. Elinger

Sports Illustrated Subscriber Service.



Change of address? Please give us 4 weeks advance notice. Attach the label for your old address; write in your new address below.

Entering a new subscription? Check the box and fill in your name below. (To order gift subscriptions, please attach a separate sheet.)

Renewing? Check the box below and be sure your mailing label address is correct.
Listing / Unlisting service? Occasionally we make our mailing list available to other Time Inc. divisions and reputable organizations whose products or services may be of interest to you. If you prefer to have your name added or removed from this list, check the appropriate box below and attach your mailing label.

**PLEASE SEND
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
FOR THE NEXT 50 ISSUES
AT 87¢ AN ISSUE.**

- ☐ New subscription ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Please add my name to your mailing list
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone Number(s) _____ Area code _____ number _____

For even faster service, please toll-free
1-800-541-3000

Mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 N. Fairbanks
Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Subscription price
in the U.S., Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands
87¢ an issue. All others \$1.00.

50/100

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LEGGETT: IF IT'S AUGUST, THIS MUST BE SARATOGA

It's August, and everyone at SI knows where Senior Writer William Leggett is. Contrary to what Thomas Wolfe said, Leggett can and does go home again, every year. In his case home is Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where each August the New York Racing Association conducts its thoroughbred meet at what is probably the most beautiful racetrack in America. The premier event of the Saratoga meet is the Travers, the oldest continuously run stakes race in America, and for Leggett's story on the 114th Travers, turn to page 66.

Leggett was born six blocks from the racetrack, and he says, "Around there you talked horses, whether you were a better or not. You had to follow them. If you didn't, it would be like living in Cooperstown and not knowing who Babe Ruth was."

Leggett has been going to the races for a long time, although it didn't run in the family. His father, Elmer, worked for the phone company and visited the Saratoga track in the course of his rounds, but "I don't remember him ever betting on a horse," Leggett says. His mother, Helen, has never gone to a racetrack in her life. So much for breeding.

The first time Leggett went to the Saratoga track, he was six years old. He sneaked under a fence. Leggett can't remember how many Travers he's attended, but he clearly recalls the first one. It was 1941. Leggett was nine years old and, as usual, he sneaked onto the track. That day he saw Triple Crown winner Whirlaway score a historic victory. "The best Travers I ever saw," Leggett says, "was in 1962 when Japur and Raudan hooked for 1 1/4 miles, and at the fin-

ish they were so close, you couldn't tell who won." (Japur did.)

By the time Leggett was 16, he was practicing writing during his summers for the Glens Falls, N.Y. *Post-Star*. He had a mind-boggling schedule. Starting at 7 a.m. he cleaned and swept the Saratoga harness track and then worked on the garbage truck. At 11 he'd bicycle over to the thoroughbred track, park cars until 2, then cover the races for the paper. At 8 p.m. it was back to the

harness track to cover the trotters and work for Western Union, sending race results to seven different papers. Sunday afternoons he wrote a horse racing feature for the now-defunct evening *Glens Falls Times*. "I had to put my story on the 6:30 p.m. bus to Glens Falls," he says, "so it would make the Monday edition. That bus was never on time."

During this hectic period Leggett acquired a mentor, humorist Frank Sullivan, another native Saratogian, who was a regular contributor to *The New Yorker*. Sullivan would read Leggett's stories and, at the end of the week, critique them. When Leggett went off to Seton Hall University in South Orange, N.J., he and Sullivan started to correspond and continued to do so until Sullivan's death in 1976. "He used to write in bed with his typewriter on his lap," Leggett says. His letters were always three pages long, never two and never four. They were hysterically funny, and I know it never took him more than five minutes to tap them out." Leggett, who has a tendency to exaggerate, claims he once needed four hours just to write a funny first paragraph in return. It was a long and happy association for Leggett, who, through Sullivan, met people like Harold Ross and John Cheever.

When Leggett's not in residence at Saratoga, he lives in Flushing, N.Y., a short drive from both Aqueduct and Belmont Park. But, he says, there's no place like home.

Robert L. Miller

COMING SOON...

Sports Illustrated's

BIGGEST ISSUE OF THE YEAR!

On September 1, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will publish its 1983 COLLEGE AND PRO FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR, the biggest issue of the year!

THE FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR will be 100% pure football—gridiron action just the way you like it.

On the pro scene, you'll get complete scouting reports on all 28 NFL teams... SI's predictions of the division winners... which old pros still *have the legs and arms to carry their teams...* and which of the new crop of rookies have the best chance to head down the road to stardom.

As for the colleges, you'll get SI's Top Twenty picks with reasons for those choices... you'll find out who the bright lights will be shining on at the end of the season... in-depth coverage of the Big Ten, the SEC, the PAC Ten, the ACC, the SWC, the Big Eight, the major independents and all the rest—

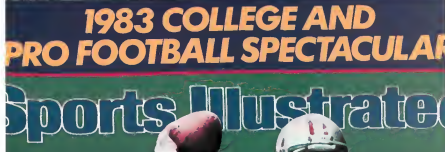
including reports on the top contenders among Divisions IA, II and III.

The 1983 COLLEGE AND PRO FOOTBALL SPECTACULAR will give you inside reports and incredible photography you won't find anywhere else.

If you're a subscriber, *renew* now and reserve yourself a copy. If you're not a subscriber, sign on by August 31st at our low rates and the issue will be included in your subscription. For faster service call our toll-free hotline 1-800-621-4800.

But whatever you do, don't miss this SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOOTBALL EVENT!

330722



There isn't a move that can beat this shoe.

Not the baseline drive, not the fast break, not the quick turn-around. The Prides can handle any move you make.

Because they have a Flexhended Saddle™ and a sturdy heel counter, to keep

your feet stable—no matter what the rest of you is doing. And there's a two-density insert for comfort and a Lock-Tread sole to grab the court.

The Lakers' James Worthy wouldn't wear anything but the Prides. He knows that you can't play winning basketball if you keep losing your feet.



new balance
PRIDES™

Shown, the Pride 640. Available in B, D and EE widths.

New Balance, Inc., Boston, MA 02134

BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

HERE IS A FIRST-CLASS FIRST NOVEL ABOUT A THIRD BASEMAN IN A SLUMP

Craig Suder, third baseman for the Seattle Mariners, is in an all-around slump. He's batting .198, his son is ashamed of him, he suspects his wife's beginning to look elsewhere, and he thinks he's going crazy. Such problems may not seem unlikely among today's hapless Mariners, but this is fiction. *Suder* by Percival L. Everett (Viking, \$13.50). It's a first novel and a remarkable one.

Craig, who is black, grew up in Fayetteville, N.C., where his mother ran around the streets in summer wearing a winter coat and high-top sneakers, embarrassing the family and drawing the uncouth condescension of a born-again cracker dentist named Dr. McCoy. Craig thinks he's loco himself, and the book shifts back and forth from the often hilarious and always touching events of his childhood to the wildly improbable affairs of his present search for... well, he's not sure what, and neither am I. Dozens of scenes in both locales are imperishable, two of my favorites are little Craig's visit to the dental office of Dr. McCoy, who prays between drillings, and Third Baseman Craig's colloquy with Mariner Manager Lou Tyler while Tyler is seated on his office commode.

Everett's style has the syncopation, flash and improvisational feel of jazz, and, indeed, Dizzy Gillespie makes a cameo appearance. Charlie Parker's recording of *Ornithology* plays in the background much of the time. Bud Powell is a key character, and a pet of Bud's is named Django Reinhardt, after the jazz guitarist. Another pet—an elephant won on a bet—is named Renoir. Everett likes to play with names. The heroine—I say she's the heroine, anyway—is a 9-year-old white child named Jincy Jessy Jackson, and the last scene occurs over a lake named Erna Pond. Don't ask me why.

As you can see, there's an awful lot going on in *Suder*, especially for a book of only 171 pages, and I know I haven't grasped everything Everett is trying to tell me. After you read it, if you think you've got it all, maybe you'll be kind enough to drop me a line.

END

SCIENCE IS CHANGING THE SHAPE OF YOUR WORLD

THE SEARCH FOR EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTELLIGENCE
ROBOTS THAT THINK
HEAT THERAPY AND ANTIBODY TREATMENTS FOR CANCER
TRAINS THAT FLY
A LIFE-PROLONGING ARTIFICIAL HEART

And DISCOVER reports it all—the trail-blazing discoveries, the breakthroughs that affect every aspect of your life—in clear, concise stories and memorable photographs that bring science alive on the page. From the publishers of Time and Life.

DISCOVER AMERICA'S LEADING SCIENCE MAGAZINE.

Pick up a copy of your newsstand today, or write DISCOVER, 561 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. For faster service, call toll-free to enter your subscription: 1-800-621-8200 (in Illinois call 800-972-8302). 12 issues just \$21.95. Rate good in U.S. only.

Sports Illustrated POSTERS SUPERSTARS IN ACTION

BIG 2'x3' WALL POSTERS IN FULL COLOR.

Tony Dorsett



HOCKEY

- ☐ 4202 NHL Superstars
- ☐ 4202 Roland Hager
- ☐ 4205 Walter Hayton
- ☐ 4201 Ken Anderson
- ☐ 4206 Chris Collinsworth
- ☐ 4207 Joe Ferguson
- ☐ 4206 Reggie McKenzie
- ☐ 4246 Randy Udelski
- ☐ 4273 Clang Morton
- ☐ 4236 Mike Pruitt
- ☐ 4241 Brian Sipe
- ☐ 4205 Lee Roy Selmon
- ☐ 4245 B. J. Anderson
- ☐ 4275 Dan O'Driscoll
- ☐ 4276 Jim Hart
- ☐ 4269 Dan Fouts
- ☐ 4233 Kellen Winslow
- ☐ 4281 Tony Dorsett
- ☐ 4278 Marlin Martin
- ☐ 4283 Roger Staubach
- ☐ 4262 Charlie Waters
- ☐ 4263 Randy White
- ☐ 4270 Ron Jaworski
- ☐ 4266 Steve Bartkowski
- ☐ 4248 Wallace Francis
- ☐ 4234 Jon Mendenhall
- ☐ 4225 Dwight Clark
- ☐ 4244 Phil Simms
- ☐ 4230 Rob Carpenter
- ☐ 4224 Lawrence Taylor
- ☐ 4227 Richard Todd
- ☐ 4229 Mark Gastineau
- ☐ 4271 Wesley Walker
- ☐ 4257 Darryl Greenman
- ☐ 4223 Eric Hinkle
- ☐ 4250 Robert Brazile
- ☐ 4253 Ken Burnham
- ☐ 4277 Earl Campbell
- ☐ 4296 Steve Gregan
- ☐ 4279 Ray Guy
- ☐ 4222 Marcus Allen
- ☐ 4238 Vince Ferganaga
- ☐ 4280 Pat Haden
- ☐ 4295 Jack Youngblood
- ☐ 4268 Joe Theismann
- ☐ 4232 George Rogers
- ☐ 4267 Jim Zorn
- ☐ 4299 Terry Bradshaw
- ☐ 4242 Joe Greene
- ☐ 4259 Jack Ham
- ☐ 4266 Franco Harris
- ☐ 4264 Jack Lambert
- ☐ 4231 Tommy Kramer

- ☐ 4202 Baseball Superstars
- ☐ 4248 Carney Lunsford
- ☐ 4281 Rod Carew
- ☐ 4257 Reggie Jackson
- ☐ 4243 Bob Feller
- ☐ 4244 Dale Murphy
- ☐ 4246 Paul Molitor
- ☐ 4251 Gorman Thomas
- ☐ 4254 Robin Yount
- ☐ 4237 Keith Hernandez

BASEBALL

- ☐ 4202 Baseball Superstars
- ☐ 4248 Carney Lunsford
- ☐ 4281 Rod Carew
- ☐ 4257 Reggie Jackson
- ☐ 4243 Bob Feller
- ☐ 4244 Dale Murphy
- ☐ 4246 Paul Molitor
- ☐ 4251 Gorman Thomas
- ☐ 4254 Robin Yount
- ☐ 4237 Keith Hernandez

PICK YOUR FAVORITES
HERE. **SAVE** WHEN
YOU ORDER 3 OR MORE.

Exciting photographs of your favorite sports stars, these posters make great wall decorations. They are shipped rolled in special crush-proof tubes. And they're even bigger bargains when you order three or more.

- ☐ 4262 Daniel Porter
- ☐ 4217 Bruce Sutter
- ☐ 4237 Bill Buckner
- ☐ 4259 Mike Marshall
- ☐ 4266 Steve Sax
- ☐ 4253 Gary Carter
- ☐ 4231 Jack Clark
- ☐ 4245 Joe Charboneau
- ☐ 4216 Tom Seaver
- ☐ 4261 Moses Wilson
- ☐ 4218 Eddie Murray
- ☐ 4265 Jim Palmer
- ☐ 4269 Steve Garvey
- ☐ 4268 Steve Carlton
- ☐ 4254 Gary Maddox
- ☐ 4247 Gary Matthews
- ☐ 4222 Pete Rose
- ☐ 4210 Mike Schmidt
- ☐ 4214 Dave Parker
- ☐ 4232 Mike Stargell
- ☐ 4242 Budny Bell
- ☐ 4236 Jim Sundberg
- ☐ 4223 Johnny Bench
- ☐ 4226 Jim Rice
- ☐ 4252 Jerry Remy
- ☐ 4257 Willie Wilson
- ☐ 4221 George Brett
- ☐ 4252 Keith Gribben
- ☐ 4241 Rick Caramo
- ☐ 4258 Ron Guidry
- ☐ 4236 Roy Smalley
- ☐ 4234 Steve King
- ☐ 4225 Graig Nettles
- ☐ 4252 Willie Randolph

- ☐ 4222 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4225 Marquise Johnson
- ☐ 4244 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4215 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4233 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4243 Rick Robey
- ☐ 4202 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4247 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4207 Daniel Griffin
- ☐ 4242 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4243 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4218 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4245 Kawhi Abdul-Jabbar

- ☐ 4222 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4225 Marquise Johnson
- ☐ 4244 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4215 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4233 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4243 Rick Robey
- ☐ 4202 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4247 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4207 Daniel Griffin
- ☐ 4242 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4243 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4218 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4245 Kawhi Abdul-Jabbar

- ☐ 4242 Buck Williams
- ☐ 4232 Danny Green
- ☐ 4238 Isiah Thomas
- ☐ 4201 Julius Erving
- ☐ 4269 Moses Malone
- ☐ 4231 Jack Sikma
- ☐ 4241 Gus Williams
- ☐ 4232 George Gervin
- ☐ 4228 Aris Givens
- ☐ 4212 Allen Adams
- ☐ 4232 Dennis Johnson
- ☐ 4247 Mical Thomson

TENNIS

- ☐ 4114 John McEnroe
- ☐ 4119 Boris Becker
- ☐ 4100 Jimmy Connors
- ☐ 4102 the Nadalie
- ☐ 4110 Vitas Gerulaitis
- ☐ 4112 Guillermo Vilas
- ☐ 4115 Martina Navratilova
- ☐ 4108 Rumei Casals
- ☐ 4113 Virginia Wade
- ☐ 4111 Bille Jean King
- ☐ 4106 Evonne Cuyack

BOXING

- ☐ 6601 Sugar Ray Leonard
- ☐ 1220 Wayne Gretzky

HOCKEY

- ☐ 1220 Wayne Gretzky
- ☐ 5201 Oney Nelson
- ☐ 5204 Chriss Cooper
- ☐ 5205 Bill Koch
- ☐ 5238 Phil Mahre
- ☐ 5229 Steve Mahre

BASEBALL

- ☐ 4222 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4225 Marquise Johnson
- ☐ 4244 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4215 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4233 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4243 Rick Robey
- ☐ 4202 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4247 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4207 Daniel Griffin
- ☐ 4242 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4243 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4218 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4245 Kawhi Abdul-Jabbar

BASEBALL

- ☐ 4222 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4225 Marquise Johnson
- ☐ 4244 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4215 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4233 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4243 Rick Robey
- ☐ 4202 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4247 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4207 Daniel Griffin
- ☐ 4242 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4243 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4218 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4245 Kawhi Abdul-Jabbar

BASEBALL

- ☐ 4222 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4225 Marquise Johnson
- ☐ 4244 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4215 Austin Carr
- ☐ 4233 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4243 Rick Robey
- ☐ 4202 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4247 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4207 Daniel Griffin
- ☐ 4242 Marvin Webster
- ☐ 4243 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4218 Jamaal Wilkes
- ☐ 4245 Kawhi Abdul-Jabbar

if ordering with VISA or MasterCard
CALL TOLL FREE
Business hours: 8:30-5:30 Central Time

1-800-325-3313

(Missouri: (314) 343-8000)

Make your selections from the list, then (Visa or MasterCard orders) call to place your order. Each poster is just \$3.95—or a money-saving \$3 for \$10 (only \$3 for each additional poster thereafter)—plus \$1 per order for postage and handling. Missouri residents pay 4.5% sales tax. \$1 4/22

Or send your check or money order to

Sports Illustrated

c/o Marketroom,
Lockbox 2257, Hampton Bank,
4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery
(Sorry, no foreign orders accepted)
Distributor and retailer requires welcome
Sports Illustrated is a trademark of Time Inc.

Marlboro

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Rpt. Mar '83

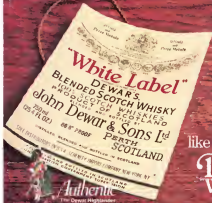
Lights





At an angler's local in Scotland,
they put a man's fly rod on the wall
to honor him. The talk is more of
salmon lost than salmon landed.
And respect flows through the hall
like the afternoon sun. The good things
in life stay that way.

DEWAR'S
White Label.
never waffles.



EDITED BY JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

WAY TO GO, JACK

The USFL took a promising first step toward closing the quarterback gap between itself and the NFL last week when one of its expansion teams, the Dikshoma Outlaws, signed Doug Williams, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers' signal caller since 1978, to a five-year contract. Williams, a free agent who'd been unable to come to terms with the Bucs, turned to the USFL when no other NFL teams bid for him, even though quite a few of them clearly could have used a quarterback of his proven ability. Trouble is, under terms of the collective-bargaining agreement with the NFL Players Association that ended last year's strike, player movement within the NFL is impeded by requirements that teams signing free agents must pay compensation in the form of draft choices. As a result, bidding for free agents is too costly for most teams to contemplate. And so Williams accepted an offer from outside the NFL.

The fact that a feisty rival like the USFL has emerged to challenge the NFL for players ought to make the older league think twice about some of the restrictions it has imposed on player movement among its own 28 clubs. Back when it had only the Canadian Football League to worry about, the NFL had every reason to try to fend off true free agency, something it succeeded in doing largely because the NFLPA has imprudently chosen not to force the issue. But with the USFL now in the picture, NFL Management Council Executive Director Jack Donlan sounded more suicidal than arrogant when, discussing the lack of mobility of NFL players, he recently told *USA Today*, "As far as the players go, they still have freedom of choice. They have 'free agency' to go to another league..."

Donlan spoke those words a few days before Williams bolted to the USFL.

Congratulations, Jack. The system works.

IN DEFENSE OF RESOURCES

New York Governor Mario Cuomo last week signed legislation increasing the minimum size of striped bass that may be caught in the state's coastal waters from 16 to 24 inches. The measure, a response

to the precipitous decline in the stock of the striped bass in its Chesapeake Bay spawning grounds and all along its migratory path, followed similar legislative action by Massachusetts, Maryland and other states on the Eastern Seaboard. Cuomo's decision to sign the bill into law in the face of heavy opposition from his state's commercial fishing industry served to acknowledge that the oceans can no longer be considered an unlimited resource.

Florida Governor Bob Graham also acted last week to preserve natural resources—or, rather, to restore them. Graham announced a wide-ranging "Save Our Everglades" project that, he privately admitted, was really intended to "save" all of south Florida environmentally. Reacting to the effects of decades of development, Graham proposed the widespread reflooding of previously drained marshland, including the restoration of the Kissimmee River to the meandering 90-mile stretch of water it had been before being diverted into a 48-mile canal. The intent is to reinstate the southerly flowing sheet of water that is the lifeblood of the Everglades (SI, March 15, 1992 et seq.). Graham also called for federal and state acquisition of more than 100,000 acres of land to protect the habitat of the virtually extinct Florida panther. The Kissimmee's restoration would require federal cooperation, and while there's no indication such cooperation will be forthcoming from the Reagan Administration, Graham expressed faith that his plan will eventually be carried out. The alternative, he said, was "the collapse of an entire ecosystem now under acute stress."

THEN THE ICE MELTED, AND...

During an appearance on NBC-TV's *Today* show recently, Terry McLaughlin, skipper of *Canada I*, one of the foreign yachts vying to be the America's Cup challenger, had the following exchange with host Jane Pauley:

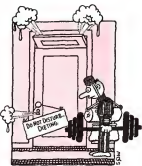
Pauley: "It's the first time in more than 100 years that Canada has had an entry. Where have you been for 100 years?"

McLaughlin: "Out playing hockey. I guess."

FRETTING THE POUNDS AWAY

You've heard of the Scarsdale Diet, the Beverly Hills Diet and the Cambridge Diet? Well, now we want to tell you about the Austin Diet. But be forewarned that the way John Gamble lost 19 pounds in 34 hours in an Austin, Texas hotel room isn't for everyone. In fact, Gamble allows it really isn't for anyone. Gamble, a world-class powerlifter and assistant strength coach at the University of Virginia, was in Austin to defend his title in the 275-pound division at the national powerlifting championships but ran into some trouble apparently attributable to a faulty scale in the Virginia gym on which he weighed himself before departing for Texas.

The Virginia scale indicated that Gamble weighed 283 pounds, eight too many, but that appeared to be no problem because, he says, "I lost that much overnight in nervous energy." Alas,



when Gamble arrived in Austin and stepped on an accurate scale at 10 p.m. Friday, he found he weighed 293. Gamble went to his hotel room and, with an 8 a.m. weigh-in Sunday bearing down on him, didn't eat and rarely slept. He turned the hot water in his shower to full blast to create a steam-room effect and sat there, sweating profusely, for 45 minutes at a time. He ruled out exercise. "I didn't want to weaken my legs any more than they already would be," he says.

continued

WHEN YOU LIKE YOUR COLOGNE COMFORTABLE AND EASY TO WEAR,

STETSON® FITS.



Stetson Cologne & After Shave Lotion

Public Notice:

**IT IS A SHAMELESS
AND UNTRUE, REPEAT,
UNTRUE RUMOR THAT
THE NEW BOOK OF BLOOM
COUNTY CARTOONS IS
PRINTED WITH INK MADE
FROM FREEZE-DRIED
PENGUIN FEET.**



SCORECARD continued

Another source of weight loss: "I was worrying so much, it was causing me to go to the bathroom a lot." By 5:30 a.m. Sunday, Gamble had slimmed to 275½ pounds, still a smidgen too much. "I worried like hell," he says. "What was I supposed to do?" Worrying apparently was enough. By 7:30 he had lost the smidgen and at the weigh-in was a svelte 274.

Gamble had four hours to recover from his ordeal before the competition, and on the advice of a physiologist, he ate some fruit—it was all he could get down—and took some extra vitamins. He was so dehydrated that he drank four gallons of water and didn't need the rest room once. The happy ending to the story: 1) Amazingly enough, Gamble successfully defended his title with a world-record cumulative total of 2,270.7 pounds; 2) the scale in Charlottesville has been fixed, and 3) Gamble has no plans to write a book called *The Austin Diet*. Of his crash regimen for shedding pounds, he says gently, "I don't suggest that anyone else try it."

REFLECTIONS ON AN ACCIDENT

The details in the case of Mike Reilly, the Los Angeles Rams linebacker who has been suspended for the 1983 season by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, are severely tragic. On Aug. 7, 1982, a car Reilly was driving hit the rear of another car in La Palma, Calif., killing Zachary Thomas, a 17-year-old passenger in the other car, and injuring two of Thomas' companions. Reilly was found to have .23% alcohol in his system, the equivalent of 10 beers, and he pleaded no contest to charges of drunken driving with injury and vehicular manslaughter. Because he is currently serving a year in jail under a work-furlough program, Reilly conceivably could have played in Rams home games this season, a prospect that Rozelle's suspension dashed.

So much for the bare-bones facts of the case. More illuminating is the written statement that Reilly's father, a Federal Aviation Administration official in Miami, submitted before his son was sentenced in Superior Court in Santa Ana, Calif. Groping to explain how his son had come to such grief, James Reilly told of having been deeply involved in the boy's earliest athletic efforts. He said that for a while he "did what most fathers do when coaching their own—I was less tolerant and more demanding of Mike than

continued

Kodak announces

The Programmable Copier-Duplicator



Job-stream programming. Advanced electronic performance based on Kodak's proven copier technology.

Powerful computers are harnessed for repetitive multistep operations to do more jobs in less time. And it's loaded with other talents too:

- Zoom reduction • Continuous run • Cover-sheet insertion • Centralized controls • Plain English messages • Easier duplexing • Integrated controller

Chances are, the Ektaprint 200 copier can improve productivity in your high-volume job stream.

May we demonstrate? Write:
Eastman Kodak Company, CD 3430
Rochester, New York 14650
Telephone toll-free: 1 800 44KODAK
(1 800 445-6325) Ext. 324



**New Kodak Ektaprint 200
copier-duplicator**

©1987 Eastman Kodak Company 4581

the other boys." The younger Reilly, the father said, "was more concerned with winning than he should have been. Also, he was never totally satisfied with his own performance." In high school, partly because he was so advanced in sports, he befriended older boys and soon began to balk at parental curfews and "seemed to respect or measure people by their athletic ability rather than just as people." He was heavily wooed by college coaches, including Bear Bryant, Woody Hayes, Joe Paterno and Barry Switzer, all of whom visited him at home within a one-week period, a recruiting blitz that helped throw his values "off course." Reilly eventually cast his lot with Switzer at Oklahoma, where he displayed an "inability to handle alcohol." On one occasion he was found guilty of public drunkenness and assaulting a police officer. The father said the Norman, Okla. cops had halted his son, reflecting a "love-hate" attitude toward athletes that results in "half the people putting the players up on a pedestal and the other half hoping they are knocked off."

The elder Reilly also said, "Most athletes set goals for themselves that are often unattainable. . . . I believe they have a real fear of not performing up to their ability at all times and [of] the disappointment to their fans, coaches and family. They are normally very physical and think that should equip them to handle all these pressures, but obviously many resort to the use of drugs and/or alcohol, many ending in disaster for themselves and their careers."

After the accident, Mike Reilly was hospitalized in an alcohol-abuse program for 30 days and underwent outpatient treatment for eight months. In a written sentencing statement of his own, he said, "It has been over eight months since I've had a drink and I have had no problems adjusting to a non-alcoholic life." But he added, "I know this doesn't bring Zachary back."

HAI VS. SAM

Jack Nicklaus wasn't the only legend 25-year-old Hal Sutton beat by winning this year's PGA championship. Sutton's victory gave him \$635,118 in career earnings to move him into 77th in that category, one place ahead of Sam Snead. Of course, Sutton's rapid climb on the all-time money list—he has been on the tour less than two years—does have some-

thing to do with today's considerably more lucrative prize money. Sutton is still slightly behind Snead in career tour victories, 84 to three.

A POLITICIAN WHO KNOWS HIS PLACE

"Is the mayor of the city of New York being overcompensated? Well, how do you like the fact that the chief executive officer of the Port Authority of New York gets \$125,000? He's getting more than I am, although he's an appointed official. Or how do you like the fact that Dave Winfield probably makes \$2 million a year? I'm not suggesting I should be comparable to Dave Winfield, but . . ."

—MAYOR ED KOCH, defending a proposed increase in his annual salary from \$80,000 to \$110,000

LIKE SAVE THE WHALES

Fifty-two women distance runners from 19 countries, including Mary Decker of the U.S. and Grete Waitz of Norway, filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court last week to force Olympic officials to add the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs to the track and field program at the 1984 Summer Games. The runners, who were joined in bringing the action by a non-profit, Oregon-based group called the International Runners Committee, charged the Olympic brass with sex discrimination in excluding the two events from the program for women while including both events for men.

Women have never gotten a fair shake at the Olympics. In ancient Greece women risked being put to death for merely watching the Games, and it wasn't until the 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam that they were granted a "distance" running event—the 800 meters. Because the competitors hadn't trained properly for the event, one woman collapsed during the race and several others fainted after crossing the finish line, and the 800 was dropped from the Olympic program, not to be restored until 1960. A women's 1,500 wasn't added until 1972, and the 3,000 and marathon, both of which were run at the World Championships last week in Helsinki, will make their Olympic debuts in L.A. But there is still no true, on-the-track distance race for women at the international championship level. "The 3,000 isn't one," complained

Waitz, the marathon champion at Helsinki: "It's just another race for milers." And Decker, who won the 1,500 and 3,000 at Helsinki, said, "Right now we have nothing between 3,000 meters and the marathon. That's a huge gap."

The suit charges that the International Olympic Committee and the International Amateur Athletics Federation ruled out 5,000 and 10,000 competition for women because the events weren't "glamorous" enough, a marketing consideration that wasn't taken into account in putting those events on the men's program. But some longtime track and field observers wonder whether 1984 might be too soon for quality Olympic competition in the proposed events. "There were more than three minutes between the first and 50th fastest women's 10,000 times last year," says British track statistician Richard Hymans. "Three minutes. That's as good an argument as any against it." By comparison, barely 55 seconds separated the 50 fastest male 10,000-meter runners in '82. But as IRC Executive Director Jacqueline Hansen, a former marathon world-record holder, says, "Races create runners." In other words, add women's 5,000 and 10,000 events to the Olympic program, and both glamour and quality performances will soon enough follow.

Hansen predicts that the lawsuit will succeed. "We're like Save the Whales," she says. "Reilly, who can be against us?" And, indeed, Hansen's side will sooner or later prevail—if not in '84, almost certainly in '88. As Decker says, "There's no reason we shouldn't have the chance to run the same distances as the men."

THEY SAID IT

- Lee Corso, asked what he has been doing since being fired as Indiana football coach last December: "I've cleaned my basement 14 times. I have the cleanest basement in America."
- Mike Beam, driver Kyle Petty's crew chief, after Petty shocked the conservative stock-car circuit by wearing an earring: "We're not going to start worrying about Kyle until he shows up in a fire-proof dress."
- Gary Hogeboom, Dallas Cowboy reserve quarterback, presenting starter Danny White at a banquet: "It's kind of hard to introduce a guy you hope gets the flu every Sunday."

Send to Napoleon International[®] for...
The Fun and Fashion Footwear by Jordache[®]




JORDACHE[®]

THE GRIPPER—For Men, Boy's and Toddlers.
Perfect for jogging or leisurely activities.
A durable nylon upper with matching suede
trim and popular Velcro[®] closings.

The Gripper Style #1050

Men's (M)—Sizes 6½-12, 13, 14.....**25.00**

Boy's (B)—Sizes 2½-6.....**20.00**

Toddlers (T)—Sizes 11-2.....**20.00**

Grey/Black



White/White



White/White



Navy/White



To order mail to: NAPOLEON INTERNATIONAL
97 45 QUEENS BLVD. Dept. 51863 QUEENS, N.Y. 11374
CREDIT CARD ORDERS ONLY CALL 24 HOURS TOLL FREE 1 800 453 6600

Style#	Size	Color	Quantity	2nd Color Choice	Price
#1050					
#1050					
#1050					

Check ☐ M.C. ☐ Shipping \$2.00

MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Exp. Date _____ N.Y. State Tax

Acct. # _____ Total

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone # _____

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. All personal orders filled in strictest confidence. **Money Back Guarantee**



In the 1,500 Decker drove past Zaitseva, who dived desperately for the finish line.

Putting It All





On The Line

Mary Decker won two golds and Carl Lewis three in track and field's magnificent first World Championships ever by KENNY MOORE



(CONTINUED)

Carl Lewis' name had been called. His clock was running. By the rules, he now had to begin his first spring down the runway of the Helsinki World Championships' long-jump finals within a minute and 30 seconds or have the jump ruled a foul. He could get more time only because of a compelling distraction.

He had one. "Turn that thing off," he told the official. "I have to watch this." He trotted to the side of the track as the deep-throated roar of 50,000 Finns

caught up in a distance race broke over him. It was the last lap of the women's 3,000 meters. And Mary Decker had led all the way.

Each time she had passed the long-jump area she had heard shouts of encouragement from Lewis and U.S. teammate Jason Grimes. Lewis knew that Decker had rejected the theoretically safe tactic of lying back and harboring her strength for a final killing sprint. Instead, she meant to set a pace that at once

Hail, Mary: the 3,000 champion after she outran Kazankina (451) down the stretch.





Lewis, hands-up the star of the Championships, won his first gold when his 10.07 paced an American sweep in the 100-meter dash.

drained the kicks of her pursuers and saved some of her own. "I am confident of my finish," Decker had said. "So the only thing to be concerned about is staying out of trouble. I personally do that best in the lead." It was a plan that was built on Decker's bedrock character. She

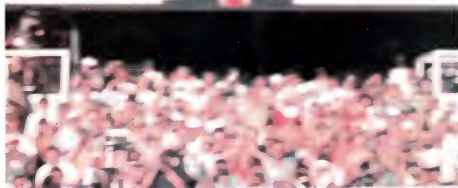
wanted to be out front, controlling

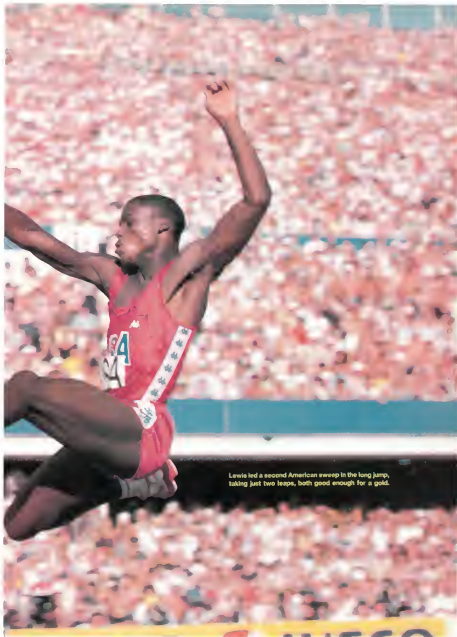
But Lewis also knew how formidable were Decker's pursuers. On her heels since the gun had been Tatyana Kazankina of the U.S.S.R., the 1976 and 1980 Olympic 1,500 champion, who in 1980 in Zurich had beaten Decker by nearly sev-

en seconds in setting the world 1,500 record of 3:52.47. A few yards back was Kazankina's teammate, Svetlana Ulmasova, the 3,000-meter record holder at 8:26.78.

Decker had hopes of 67-second laps, world-record pace. She had begun with

continued





Lewis led a second American sweep in the long jump, taking just two leaps, both good enough for a gold.



The straitlaced Moses refused to come unglued when his left shoelace came untied.

66, but then slowed to 70s. She seemed unworried, her expression almost casual, but Lewis could see that Kazankina's scooting, mechanical stride was unaffected by the pace. Her winning kicks in Montreal and Moscow had been rockets. And she obviously was trained to a taut edge. "You could open a Coke bottle on her cheekbones," said Olympic marathoner Frank Shorter.

With three laps to go, Decker ran a 72. "By then I'd gotten mixed up because there was a clock at every 200 meters," she would say. "So I just ran as I felt." The pack soon bunched up, boxing Ulmasova, Decker's coach, Dick Brown, looked sick. "I hope she hasn't let them save too much," he said. "But the only important thing now is that when she moves, she goes progressively, not all in one burst."

With 600 meters to go, Decker picked it up, to no apparent effect. With 400 to go, the pack had formed a menacing wing behind her. Britain's Wendy Sly was there, and Italy's Agnese Possamai, and West Germany's Brigitte Kraus. But the whole stadium knew the challenge would come from Kazankina.

At the start of the last backstretch, Decker gradually accelerated again. By the last turn they were flying. Ulmasova had to drop to fifth to get out of the box and would only reach fourth by the end. But Kazankina was right where she wanted to be, on Decker's shoulder.

Decker, astonishingly but characteristically, would later say of this crucial moment, "It was fun win or lose, because it's a nice feeling to come off the last turn with runners there. It's competition."

Then Kazankina cut loose for home. In a few strides she was beside and then past Decker. "I didn't tense up," said Decker. "I took a deep breath, relaxed and went." She sprinted beside Kazankina for a moment and then drew away, her stride open and free. The shocked Kazankina sagged and lost second to the charging Kraus.

Decker hit the line with her arms up, engulfed in noise, for this crowd understood the delicate measuring of herself that had let her win from the front.

Her time was 8:34.62, her last 200 meters a 28.9. Not since Lasse Viren controlled a field of faster finishers in the 5,000 at the 1976 Montreal Olympics with these tactics had anyone succeeded with them in a major race.

Decker loped around an emotional victory lap, finally confirmed, after 14 years of struggling to reach her prodigious potential, as the best in the world. Yet it takes very little time for the fullness of victories to fade for her. She lives to run, to race, not to have raced. Almost before she had recovered her breath she had gone from relishing this greatest of her races to anticipating what the Soviets would throw at her in the 1,500 on the meet's final day. It wasn't fresh tactics, just fresh troops. With 200 meters left in the 1,500, Decker had again led all the way, shadowed this time by Zaitseva, whose personal best was a second faster than Decker's (3:56.14 to 3:57.12). Zaitseva pounced earlier than Kazankina had. On the last turn she got about a half step lead and cut sharply to the inside. "It was the kind of rough tactics you get in big races," said Decker. "That's one reason I'm here, to get used to dealing with things like that." She backed off to avoid tripping, then drove wide and set out in pursuit down the stretch. She gained, gradually at first, then faster as the Soviet began to tie up.

Decker came even with less than 10 yards to go. Zaitseva, desperate to preserve the win, dived at the line, but it was the wrong line, and as Decker strode past, Zaitseva went headlong to the track, scraping her face. "If the Soviets boycott the L.A. Olympics," said an observer, "you can blame Mary."

After her earlier win in the 3,000, Decker's celebratory lap had brought her near Lewis, but he had business to attend to. "When I saw Mary cross the line, it was a thrill. I wanted to put that emotion to good use." He returned to the runway, paused, then ran with power, settled low on his last two steps, hit the board and dropped into the pit at 28' 3/4" (8.55 meters), a mark none of his competition could hope to reach. He stood in the sand with his arms aloft as the applause for Decker became his own.

He took one more jump, reaching 27' 7/8", and passed four other attempts in order to rest for the 4 x 100-meter relay. When not jumping himself, he coached Grimes and Mike Conley to jumps of 27' 2 1/4" and 26' 7 1/4" to give the U.S. a sweep of the medals, the first in world-class competition in this event since the 1904 Olympics in St. Louis.

Lewis' concern was mainly for Conley, because the Arkansas junior had tak-

en fourth in the triple jump, and was sore from the pounding necessary to survive two rounds of the triple and the qualifying of the long jump. "As I warmed up, it got better," Conley said. He won the bronze medal and later wore his GO HOGS cap on the victory stand while the national anthem was played.

Willie Gault, made up the sprint relay team. They had run cautiously in the preliminaries, because King was bothered by a hamstring, because they hadn't trained together as a unit for more than a week and because they had seen catastrophe befall the American women's 4 x 100-meter relay team. The women's



Coghlan signaled that the race was won even before he began to kick past Dmitriyev.

"No, I didn't forget to take it off," he said firmly. "I'm a Razorback till the day I die."

Lewis has a remarkably salubrious effect on his teammates. In the 100-meter final he had led another U.S. sweep, as Calvin Smith and Emmitt King followed him across the line ahead of the rest of the world.

Those three, plus Tennessee hurdler

problems started when Evelyn Ashford pulled her right hamstring in the 100 final. With Ashford out, the U.S. women's relay team decided to keep the well-oiled order of the first three members, Alice Brown, Diane Williams and Chandra Cheeseborough, and simply drop in a new anchor, Randy Givens, the World University Games 200 champion.

In the semifinals, Cheeseborough ran

continued



Steve Cram (325) relaxed to the slow pace of the 1,500 and then outkicked Steve Scott (left), Said Aouita (549) and Steve Ovett (341).

WORLD TRACK continued

a swift turn and bore down on Givens. "Randy just seemed to run in place, not ahead," said Williams, who was watching in horror. "Chandra had to come up alongside, grab her hand and slap the baton in there." This brought both of them to a near standstill, and when Givens finally got going, she was in fifth place, one spot out of qualifying. She had five yards to make up on the nearest runner. She got all but three inches of that distance, but the U.S. was out of the final.

The men wanted no part of that, so they had run a safe 38.50 in their semi, not much faster than the U.S.S.R.'s 38.62. "We

talked then," said King. "Carl said we all seemed like we were tight. We'd do better in the final. The thing was, we wanted the world record as much or more than just the gold. We were trying to put it out of reach so it won't get broken again."

As the sprinters got organized in their exchange zones, Lewis carefully put

down the tape check mark that, when hit by the incoming Smith, would signal his start. Except he put it down in the sixth lane, when the Americans would be running in the third. Teammates in the crowd had to alert him to his error. "We had lane six in the semis," he said. "It gets hectic out there."

Another anchor man, Italy's Pietro Mennea, the 1980 Olympic 200-meter champion and world-record holder, came to the line without his shorts. Well, he had them, but in the little basket where the runners were to leave their sweats. He pulled his shirt-tail way down and stepped into the bottom half of his uniform before taking his mark.

Back at the start, King, hamstring or no, blasted out at full effort. Nearing Gault, he shouted, "Don't leave me."

"I had left him in a meet in



Fibingerova couldn't hold back the tears after winning a shotput gold.

Malmö last week," said Gault. "After that we cut down the distance between us before I go."

Gault went. There had been some doubt about his speed after a long year of niggling injuries, but all the sprinters he chewed up down the backstretch will attest that he made the U.S.'s race. Still, the stick had to be passed.

"Calvin went out better than he had in the last two races," said Gault, "so I missed his hand the first time, but I got it the second."

Smith is perhaps the best third-leg runner in history. "He got rolling before anyone else," said Lewis. "I knew the time was going to be great."

"I just tried to give him the lead," said Smith, "even though he didn't need it."

It was a lead of a yard. Lewis took the stick, switched it as he always does to his right hand and, as he accelerated, showed an eager smile. Then he became solemn, absorbed in his task. In straight sprint races, he may ease and wive at the tape. That is for himself. Anchoring relays, he is an extension of his teammates. He flew out to a five-yard lead, dipped at the line to get the last fraction off the total time and only then raised his arms.

Coasting to a stop, he glanced back at the scoreboard clock. "At first I thought it said 38.8," he said. "For a second I was disappointed. It didn't make sense." Then he looked closer. The time was 37.86, a world record, .17 from the previous mark of 38.03 run by the U.S. World Cup team in 1977.

The first teammate Lewis saw was Grimes. He promptly leaped about four feet into his arms, and there ensued the celebration of the meet, with jumpers and sprinters all embracing.

Lewis' last 100 meters, as discovered from timing videotapes, was 8.9 seconds. There is no evidence that any man has ever run faster. Certainly Jesse Owens never did. Only Bob Hayes's anchor in the Tokyo Olympics was comparable in his dominance of the world's best, but Lewis faced a better man in Mennea, who brought Italy in with a national-record 38.37, and beat him by more.

So it is time that Lewis' popular sobriquet, "The best American athlete since Jesse Owens," be retired. Among sprinters, and surely soon among jumpers, he is the best, ever.

Bill Lewis, watching the dancing athletes, hearing the sustained, awed chorus



The wreath of victory was a heavy mantle for the marathon champ, Rob de Castella.

of the standing ovation for his son, rubbed his wife Evelyn's shoulders—"Aching from the excitement," she said—and allowed that records were great, three gold medals were splendid. "But beyond all that, I'll tell you this. I've never seen him happier."

Later, Lewis fisted the levels of his joy. "This feels even better than the triple [the 100, 200 and long jump] at the TAC meet because, one, it's the Worlds, two, it ended with a world record and not a miss, and three, it reaffirms American sprint dominance. It's just so much more deeply satisfying to have something like this come as a result of depending on each other and coming through."

He was further boosted by the one-two finish of Smith (20.14) and Rutgers junior Elliott Quow (20.41) in the 200. Mennea was third in 20.51.

Lewis, labeled Superman by *L'Équipe*, the French sports daily, was the toast of

continued



Koch (in blue) won golds in both relays to go with this triumphant 200 performance.

Helsinki all week. When Smith was asked if it bothered him that reporters seemed almost as interested in why Lewis had not run the 200 (he feared injury) as they were in Smith's victory, he said, "Hey, the more publicity and pressure that Carl gets put on him, the less for me, and I like that fine. The Lord gets the credit for all of us anyway."

The only athlete in Helsinki who matched Lewis at inspiring an awed hush was 32-year-old Jarmila Kratochvílová of Czechoslovakia. She seems the picture of everybody's shy fifth-grade teacher,

until she takes off her sweats. Then she displays a torso by Rodin. On Tuesday she took them off twice within 35 minutes, to win a semifinal of the 400 in 51.08, and then to commence the final of the 800, her sixth race in three days. No woman has ever won the 400-800 double in Olympic competition. Only Alberto Juantorena has among men.

Kratochvílová runs like a decathlete, her head bobbing, her rubbed-oak musculature seeming as much burden as engine, but she does not tire. She ran away from the 800 field to win in 1:54.68, only 1.4 seconds away from the world record of 1:53.28 she had set on July 26.

In the 400 final the next day, she and the U.S.S.R.'s Maria Pingina moved with power down the backstretch. Kratochvílová continued on to win, while teammate Tatiana Kocembova closed well for second. It had been such a competitive race, and Kratochvílová had been so controlled that the final time was a shock: 47.99, a world record, breaking the 48.16 East Germany's Mariia Koch ran in 1982. Four days later, Koch gained a measure of equality with a spectacular 47.4 third leg of the 4 × 400 relay that gave East Germany a 3:19.73 win. Kratochvílová ran a 47.9 anchor to get Czechoslovakia past the Soviets for second.

"Now I know how hard this doubling is," said Kratochvílová, maintaining that her ease was illusory. "In Los Angeles, I'll pick one or the other."

There seemed a starkness to these Championships. The days were either piercing blue or cold rain. Moments of glorious mastery such as Kratochvílová's were always giving way to sickeningly swift disaster. Take Henry Marsh, approaching the last hurdle of

the steeplechase on Friday, having worked himself smoothly up through the pack unto second, feeling as strong and hungry as he ever has in a hard race.

Too hungry. All his attention was on catching leader Patriz Ilg of West Germany. "What you have to do before every hurdle is decide six or seven steps out which foot you're going to lead with," Marsh, the consummate technician, said later. "I was so intent on Ilg and cutting down his four or five yards that I just didn't make that decision. I got really close and realized I had to chop."

He took two stutter-steps, lost momentum and straddled the 200-pound hurdle. His trail leg struck, and he spun forward onto the track, landing hard on his left hip and side. Ilg sprinted away to an 8:15.06 victory, so overwhelming to him that he could not speak for five minutes, only weep.

Marsh wept, too, after he had pulled himself up and finished eighth in 8:20.45. "I had prepared so well. I would have broken the American record [his own at 8:15.68]. What's worse, I blew my chance to find out who is better, Ilg or me."

He spent a night without the release of sleep. "The only blessing," he said bleakly the next day, "is that after getting mono in 1979, hit with a boycott in 1980, getting disqualified after winning the World Cup in 1981, and now this, I'll be wild for next year."

Next to join the brotherhood of catastrophe was veteran quarter-miler Willie Smith, running the third leg on the U.S. 4 × 400 meter relay team. He had waited behind Nikolay Chernetskyy of the U.S.S.R. until late in the last turn, then moved to pass, but not wide enough. He collided with the much larger leader and crashed down so abruptly it seemed a crevasse had opened in the track.

Chernetskyy appeared not to notice the contact and strode on, while Smith, skin burned off his knee and arm and shoulder, frantically tried to pick up the fallen baton. As he reached it, Great Britain's Todd Bennett ran him down again.

At last Smith was up and running, but in eighth. Edwin Moses brought the U.S. home in sixth. The U.S.S.R. won in 3:00.79. "It's like a war zone out there," said Moses.

It wasn't all hell for Edwin, though. Five days earlier he had been one of the blessed ones, ripping majestically through the 400-meter hurdles in 47.50, winning over West Germany's Harald

continued



Kratochvílová: muscled up for glory at 400 and 800 meters.

A color photograph of two Army aviators sitting in front of a helicopter. The man on the left is wearing a camouflage uniform and a headset, smiling at the camera. The woman on the right is wearing a flight suit and a helmet, also smiling. The helicopter's tail rotor and fuselage are visible in the background.

RADIO ADDRESS

35 LIMA

AVIONIC COMMUNICATIONS REPAIR

It takes an army of people with mechanical ability to keep the Army flying. "35 Lima" is Army shorthand for just one of the aviation specialties we can train you in. On the ground or in the air, we have over 300 career training areas. Qualify, and we'll guarantee your choice of training. Which means you can serve your country in the way that best suits your talents.


So if it's not 35 Lima, it might be 82 Delta.

ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

Tuppermill Surveying

For more information call toll-free, 800-421-4423. In California, 800-251-9912. Alaska & Hawaii, 415-423-2244.





While shooting a commercial with the 1980 America's Cup defenders, we saw for ourselves that winning takes skill, dedication, and teamwork. We like to think that describes us as well.



On land and sea,
when E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

Introducing CENTURY

Taste that delivers

IN THE MONEY SAVING

25 pack



Low Tar



Regular

Not suitable for all smokers.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine
FILTER: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Schmidt by 10 yards, extending his streak of victories to 81 since Schmidt beat him six years ago.

Then Moses, an outspoken opponent of drug use, was subjected to his first urinalysis. "I was dry. As you know they need more than a little. Took me five beers to get out of there." Tigey, Moses was gentle and warm, cheerfully signing autographs late into the night for Finns who were far more inebriated. They asked about his left shoelace, which had come loose over the last few hurdles.

"Adidas just makes long laces," he said. "But they would have had to be nine feet long to trip me up."

That tone, of the meriment to be found in these demanding disciplines, was taken up by Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan in the 5,000 meters. Coghlan, fourth in the 1,500 in the 1976 Olympics and fourth in the 5,000 in Moscow, had expected the race to be a brutal test, in which those fearing his redoubtable kick would seek to run it out of him.

"But they didn't," he said afterward in astonishment. "They played right into my hand until it was too late." That meant a slow pace, with little surging. With a mile to go he felt as if he had not even run. "I decided to savor every moment of the last four laps."

He withstood a long drive the U.S.S.R.'s Dmitry Dmitriyev began from 800 meters out, and moved up beside the Soviet with 150 meters to run. Savor was the word. Before he even began his kick, he gestured with his fists that it was all over, that it was too easy. Then he blew out home in 13:28.53. His last 1,200 was run in the hard mile pace of 2:57.5.

It was Coghlan's biggest win in outdoor competition, certifying him as the complete tactical racer. His fundamental regret was that his father, William, past president of the Irish Amateur Athletic Association, who might even have had the chance to award his son this gold medal, had died in the winter.

And in that he had a bond with the meet's most emotional winner. Thirty-four-year-old, 201-pound Helena Fibingerova of Czechoslovakia was once the world-record holder in the women's shotput but had never won a major international meet. "During the first days of July my father died after a long illness," she said. It had been cancer. "I loved him very much. I was terribly upset, but I decided to put aside my sorrow and

concentrate on the World Championships."

The shotput finals were on Friday, the day of rain. After five of the six rounds, Fibingerova was in fourth. "Just before my last put I said to myself, this is the put for my father, and the put for my mother, who has suffered a terrible loss."

Here was the competition's last put. It sailed 69' 11", jolting East Germany's Helma Knorscheidt, who had led at 67' 11".

Fibingerova, by stages, simply broke down. At first she hugged the surprised Finnish officials. Then she came back and kissed them. When she ran after them a third time, they began to take flight. She sobbed uncontrollably on the victory stand, her face in her hands, and the Finns applauded her and toasted her for the duration of the meet.

As it happened, they were practicing for one of their own. Sacred events in Finland are the distance races and the javelin. But only one athlete had a serious chance of bringing gold to the host country. That was willowy Tiina Liliak, the women's javelin world-record holder.

But the javelin is the most delicate, least predictable of events. Britain's Fatima Whitbread threw 226' 10" on her first attempt, and the pressure was on. Liliak, employing a swift run that seemed hard to control, reached only 221' 4" after five throws.

She had one more. This time she stood a moment in the storm of yearning, showing blazing blue eyes and dimples of determination. Then she ran, and threw. The javelin took a worryingly high course, yet somehow it didn't stall, as some of her other throws had done. Instead, it sailed down the wind and pierced the turf at 232' 4".

It was the moment of the meet. The crowd's roar was deafening. And moving. "I haven't cried," said NBC-TV's tear-streaked production assistant Bill



Liliak's final throw gave the Finns their finest finish.

Norris. "Since John F. Kennedy was shot."

The stadium's sustained jubilation was such that it seemed to expand beyond the celebration of this beautiful athlete. It was an expression of a small, tough people's unity of purpose and tradition, and of its embrace of everyone capable of mastering the pain and doubt and acid nerves of a genuine World Championships. Decker and Lewis and Coghlan all sensed that. "I feel half-Finnish, they understood me so well," said Decker. So as they cheered themselves hoarse, it was an impossibly magnificent conclusion. And a profoundly reassuring beginning. **END**



At Last, Some D For San Diego

Computer ready? Let's play war games. Pinch in the San Diego Chargers as the U.S. Department of Defense and Coach Don Coryell as the Commander in Chief. Next, program the computer Situation Red and Clock Running. Now execute. The screen erupts as: 1) Coryell hits the enemy with the greatest array of weaponry this side of Darth Vader's Death Star; 2) the enemy prepares to surrender; 3) Coryell launches another bank of missiles for good measure; 4) a band of pygmies walks into the War Room and subdues the Chargers with blowguns.

Coryell, as everyone knows, is the man

No Air Coryell lead was ever safe when the Chargers' alleged defense was on the field, but five rookies may change that **by RICK TELANDER**

without a defense. In his own little war game, which he has been playing since he arrived in San Diego in 1978, Coryell has been trying to bomb the NFL into submission without covering his flanks, or anywhere else. The result has been one of the oddest pairings in sports—an offense that can't be stopped and a defense that can't stop anything.

Last season San Diego led the NFL in offense for the third consecutive year. Dan Fouts, Kellen Winslow, Wes Chandler, Charlie Joiner, Chuck Muncie,

James Brooks et al. rained down on opponents for 449.8 yards a game, the third-best offensive average in NFL history. The Chargers passed for a league-record 325.2 yards per game. They also led the NFL in first downs, average gain per play, total points and end-zone theatrics. By contrast, the defense finished 25th in yards given up per game (361.4), 24th in points allowed (24.6) and 28th, dead last, in pass defense, yielding on average 254.7 yards. This performance followed a 1981 season in which the defense was last

Along with breaking up this throw, Smith had eight solo tackles against Philadelphia.

against the pass and 27th in total defense.

One result of this bizarre union is that the Chargers have become the quintessential TV team. How can a viewer leave his chair when he knows the lead may change hands three times before he can reach the refrigerator door? Consider that San Diego soared ahead of the L.A. Raiders 24-0 last year only to lose 28-24. And that in the AFC divisional playoffs two seasons ago the Chargers led Miami 24-0, fell behind 38-31 and then finally won 41-38 in overtime. And that last year against San Francisco, in a game that had two ties and four lead changes as well as an NFL-record 65 pass completions and 1,009 total yards, the Chargers barely escaped 41-37. "TV people love that sort of thing," says Coryell with a characteristic grimace.

Such theatrics are tough on a coach's heart, however. Though Coryell claims he's California-mellow these days—"I saw a young cardiologist a while ago, and he said he'd trade blood vessels with me"—he's ready to make concessions. To get to the Super Bowl (the Chargers have won the AFC West three of the last four years but haven't advanced beyond the conference championship game) Coryell is even willing to build a defense. "We can't win without one," he says almost sadly.

So the Chargers have made their move. From 1976 through 1982 San Diego didn't take a defensive player in the first two rounds of the draft, but this year it selected two in the first round and seven altogether. Last week during practice, six of those rookies lined up with the first defensive unit. Holdouts and injuries partly accounted for the quick advancement of a few of these newcomers, but, says Coryell, "I wouldn't be surprised to see five of those rookies starting sometime during the season." In the order they were picked, the five are:

- **Inside Linebacker Billy Ray Smith:** 6' 3", 239 pounds, Arkansas, first round. The namesake son of a former NFL defensive tackle, Smith is crafty, agile and polite, but he raised Charger eyebrows when he signed for \$2.4 million for four years. He played defensive tackle and end for the Razorbacks.

- **Left Cornerback Gill Byrd:** 5' 11", 191 pounds, San Jose State, first round. Byrd signed for \$1,075,000 for four years. The Chargers' only worry is that his right knee, on which he had surgery in college, holds up.

- **Right Cornerback Danny Walters:** 6' 1", 187 pounds, Arkansas, fourth round. Walters runs the 40 in 4.4 and can jump to the moon. Because he switched from running back/wide receiver to defense as a junior, he was relatively unheralded in college, and San Diego thinks it made a steal.

- **Nose Tackle Bill Elko:** 6' 5", 277 pounds, Louisiana State, seventh round. Rained amid the slag heaps of Pennsylvania's coal country, Elko is a press agent's

dream. Mountain-man strong and fond of good hunting knives, he allegedly wrestled alligators while at LSU. He'll probably start if Louie Kelcher's knee doesn't improve.

- **Inside Linebacker Mike Green:** 6 feet, 226 pounds, Oklahoma State, ninth round. First-team All-Big Eight as a senior, Green nevertheless was considered a gamble in the pros because he seldom had to drop back in pass coverage. Quick, aggressive and vocal, he has taken injured veteran Cliff Thrift's spot.

The man in charge of the rookies is second-year Defensive Coordinator Tom Bass, a gigantic, bearded, shaved-headed published poet known to his players as Boss Hog. A startlingly gentle man, Bass looks like a cross between Oddjob and a sinister Burt Ives but talks like a supporter of the arts, which he is. Though excited by their potential, Bass has mixed feelings about his young charges. "I'm fairly optimistic," he says, "but I'm not naive enough to think we'll change everything in one year. We're playing a 3-4 defense

continued



Before mixing it up with Eagles, Elko wrestled gators and bagged rattlers.

now, which requires a lot of adjusting during the game, and our young people are going to make mistakes. But I don't think we have any choice—we're just going to put 'em in there and let 'em play."

Bass is most concerned about his defenders' mental progress. "When I came here one of my first impressions was that the defensive guys felt as if they were second-class citizens, that all the victories went to the offense while all the defeats went to the defense," he says. "I felt

improved last Saturday in a game against Philadelphia. Although the Eagles won 21-20, in the second half San Diego held them to just 86 yards and no points. 'I can't speak for the whole defense,' said grinning Linebacker Coach Chuck Webster afterward, "but I think we've got something going."

But how did the defense get into such a mess in the first place? As recently as 1980 San Diego had a vicious defense that led the NFL in sacks with 60 Thrift, the fifth-year linebacker who was the team's leading tackler last season, stands on the practice field sideline nursing a pulled hamstring and listens as a reporter offers him a list of possible answers. Can the demise of the defense be traced to the loss in 1981 of premier pass rusher Fred Dean in a contract squabble? Has the defense been allowed to grow old without being replenished with young blood? Have three different defensive coordinators in the last four years been the problem? Does fault lie with the offense, which keeps the defense on the field for long stretches by scoring so quickly? Does nobody care about the infantry while the air force is flying?

"All of the above," says Thrift.

In truth, the defense has suffered most of all from neglect. Losing Dean, who went to San Francisco and promptly was named the 1981 NFC Defensive Player of the Year, hurt terribly. Losing defensive ends Gary (Big Hands) Johnson and Leroy Jones—both players have left this year because of money disputes—will hamper the team in '83. The Chargers' sin has been not replacing the good defenders once they've departed. Coryell would never let that happen on offense. When All-Pro Wide Receiver John Jefferson went to Green Bay, for instance, he was replaced almost immediately by Chandler, also an All-Pro, and the great airplane scarcely tipped a wing.

Naturally, there has been friction between the offensive and defensive units.

Most of it is good-natured stuff, but the offense can always cut deep when it wants. "No, I don't hate the defense," says Winslow. "It's just frustrating to watch a bunch of good, dedicated ball-players struggle. When we kid them, that's all we're doing. But if you don't have a thick hide around here, you're in the wrong business."

The defense agrees. "On the plane home from the San Francisco game last year, we started calling ourselves the 'Tex Cobb Defense,'" says Thrift. "You know, 'You can beat us up, but you can't knock us out.' What else can you do? You have to laugh."

What the defense is looking for in its rookie crop, according to Assistant General Manager Tank Younger, is just one horse, "one man who makes everybody around him play better—somebody like Dick Butkus, or Jack Lambert when the Steel Curtain was in its heyday." Though Younger says the player can be at any position, it seems the logical candidate for such distinction is Smith. He's in the middle; he calls the plays, he's a gamer. But Smith has never played linebacker, and he has been taking some lumps learning the position. "The first week in camp one offensive tackle was just tackling Billy Ray," says Thrift. "Billy came up to (Linebacker) Linden King and me and said, 'I can't believe it. I feel like I've just been raped.' We said, 'Get used to it.'"

Although admittedly "depressed" after a poor performance against the Rams, Smith played well in the Philadelphia game, making eight solo tackles and assisting on another in less than a half of play. If he doesn't turn out to be a Butkus—and very few prospects do—Smith should at least provide the Chargers with stability in the middle for a decade or so.

Likewise, Byrd and Walters should give a big boost to the secondary, a particularly vulnerable area now that San Diego lacks even a rudimentary pass rush. Walters, it seems, can get by on his athletic ability. Byrd, though, is more the tactician; he has a degree in business administration and finance and is a budding real estate salesman. "I'm not your flashy-type player," he says. "I like to blend in with a unit, to do something well for a long time. What I'd like is at the end of a game for the crowd to say, 'Did Gill Byrd even play?'" In other words, nobody



Bass is fishing for a little respect for his defense.

sorry for the defensive players. It's become important for me that they build pride and gain the respect of the other players on the team."

In San Diego's first preseason game, a 34-20 loss to the Rams, the Chargers' defense yielded 401 yards and looked unworthy of anyone's respect. But things

caught a pass on me, but I was so subtle nobody noticed."

The man with the biggest chance to leave his mark is probably Elko. Playing nose tackle in the 3-4 is a grim, thankless task. But playing it well is critical to the success of the formation, and it's a burden Elko wouldn't mind carrying for a while. It's better, he figures, than going back to Mine No. 40 in Windber, Pa., where he's from, and digging coal. "All those mine towns are the same," says Elko. "Row houses and the company store and black slag mountains everywhere." Elko is no stranger to hardship. His parents died when he was young, and an uncle raised him. Another uncle grew up in Mine No. 35, which was just down the road a piece. That uncle's name was Frank Kush, and Elko went to Arizona State for a year to play for him. Just to show that he didn't have favorites, Kush took Elko five miles into the desert one day and made him run back to camp. Elko transferred to LSU when Uncle Frank got fired.

The outdoors soothes Elko, and if he sticks with the Chargers he'd like to head back into the desert, "just take some food and a compass and go for days." He used to do that in Arizona, wandering alone, catching rattlesnakes in a burrito bag. Elko is one of those hard workers that everybody roots for. He's aware of the lucky situation he has run into in San Diego—no proven nose tackle in camp, a desperate defense—and he wants to take advantage of it. "Everybody's being real patient with me, giving me a lot of chances," he says. "This could be a gold mine for me." He smiles at that. "From the coal mine to the gold mine."

The Chargers' defense is still a long way from what Coryell calls "respectability," which is all the team needs to win a Super Bowl. Part of the problem is the offense itself. Coryell has perfected a lot of gimmicks that have spread into the league and that no one knows how to stop. Indeed, the main reason the Chargers have switched from a 4-3 defense to a 3-4 is that Air Coryell clones have made the 4-3 all but obsolete. Even practicing against the San Diego offense isn't fulfilling. "It's so complicated and so many people are in motion that it looks like Canadian football," says Walters.

In short, the Chargers have met the enemy and it's them. Buss, normally a

man of reserve, vented some feelings toward all offense by taking on its symbol in a section of his poem *Welcome to the Pro*:

*for all at once
you'll see him standing there
that overpaid highly publicized
son of a bitch
that's called the quarterback
but him quick
don't slow to scream or yell
remember
more than any other man
he's the one
that makes us look like hell.*

Sic 'em, rookies.

END

Green is playing in Thrift's stead at linebacker.



Walters' leaping ability and 4.4 speed can only benefit a heretofore porous secondary.

If his knee holds up, Byrd hopes to appear in the starting lineup—and then disappear.



It is a lyrical summer morning near Chantilly, France: The early light comes dappling through a lacework of beech and lime and oak leaves. Beyond the trees, the mist still swirls about the wide expanse of grass they call Les Aigles. The Eagles' History hangs heavy here; in this forest the Princes of Condé hunted wild boar and stag. And those horsemen that break from a knoll on the far side of the clearing could, you fantasize, be *vedettes* of Napoleon's army, scouting the ground before some important battle.

The riders are lost in mist, emerge again, thunder down at full gallop—and the fantasy stops right there. Emblazoned on the back of the leading horseman's windbreaker are the words: THE BUNKHOUSE CAFE, PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA, FINE FOODS AND COCKTAILS.

You are back to 1983, fast, standing in France's huge thoroughbred training center, owned by the Society for the Encouragement and Amelioration of Horse Species in France, its 618 acres, with 68 miles of sand training tracks and 59 miles of grass tracks, lie in Chantilly's ancient forest. This is the heart of the nation's thoroughbred industry, where more than 3,000 horses are quartered, the concern of more than 8,000 people. And that silver-haired man yelling *Doucement! Doucement!* (Take it easy!) to the riders is plainly one of them; a trainer, the redoubtable Francois Boutin.

Which, of course, still leaves the unbrieffed stranger more than slightly disoriented. Why is the Bunkhouse Cafe, Pierre, S. Dak. flaunting itself just 24 miles north of the gastronomic capital of the world? Who is that thin-faced young rider with the intense brown eyes and the



The Golden Whip came one win closer after Cash scored aboard Poney at Saint-Cloud.

America's Cash Asmussen has taken to riding in France like a canard to Feau. Now he's vying for the top jockey award **by CLIVE GAMMON**

A Yank Who's Cashing In

odd American connection? What is going on in this forest?

To solve the puzzle, one might consult any turfiste, or racing fan, who haunts the Paris tracks. He will inform his questioner that the young man is none other than Le Grand Cas, Cash Asmussen, the American youngster who, all this French racing season, has been riding neck and neck with Yves Saint-Martin, the 41-year-old jockey who is the country's Bill Shoemaker, for the Cravache d'Or, the Golden Whip, the trophy that is awarded to France's leading race-winner. As of Aug. 14, Saint-Martin led Asmussen in races won, 63-61.

Asmussen, born in Agar, S. Dak. ("The Bankhouse belongs to my uncle") and raised in Laredo, Texas, is only 21 but already he has an impressive riding record, winner of the 1979 Eclipse Award in best apprentice in the U.S. with 231 wins; top New York jockey in 1980 with 246 wins; career earner of more than \$20 million; career winner of more than 1,000 races. In May of last year, however, Asmussen quit the U.S. to become jockey under contract to the Greek shipping magnate, Stavros Niarchos, and he now rides principally in France.

Well, here's another Steve Cauthen, you might think, a jockey who took the French route instead of the English one. But Asmussen does not care for the parallel. "I didn't have Steve in my mind at all when I came over," he says, choosing his words carefully. "Remember that Steve had a kind of, uh, slow period before he went to England." He is referring, of course, to Cauthen's 110-race losing streak in California before he signed up to ride for the British soccer-pool mogul, Robert Sangster. "I never had a slow period at all," says Cash.

The words could be interpreted as being a touch arrogant. But Asmussen is merely trying to be precise, as he is in ev-



One of the Gallic pleasures of Asmussen's life is continental dining near Chantilly

erything he does. There is deadpan humor in him, too. "Know what happened?" he says later, a little wryly. "The day I rode five winners at Aqueeduct, our Olympic hockey team won the gold medal."

It was not lack of attention, however, but a cool calculation that brought him across the Atlantic. "Miss out on a guaranteed contract like this?" he asks of his three-year "first call" agreement with Niarchos. (First call means that Asmussen can ride for other owners if Niarchos doesn't need him for his horses.) "In the U.S., no one person has this many horses, this quality of horses. Trainers in the U.S. don't have retained jockeys. Take

any time off there and you lose all your customers." But in France the racing season closes down for three months—from December to March. "Last winter was the first time I'd had a real break from riding races since I was 16," he says, then suddenly gestures at his surroundings. "Look at all this. Mr. Niarchos has 60 horses in training here, 60 more in another barn behind the house."

This was after the morning workout, and "barn" seemed a somewhat inadequate word to describe Boutin's establishment on the high ground south of Chantilly. "Take a look down the road," Asmussen had said as he drove back from the forest. "There's another trainer next

continued

door. Then a millionaire. Then a millionaire trainer. The Aga Khan's place is just down the way."

You looked in vain, because the great houses are secluded in their own woodlands, but Boutin's place is enough for the moment. Compared with the accommodations at an American track, those enjoyed by Niarchos' horses are lush. The staff moves about with wooden rakes and brooms out of a medieval woodcut; a Dalmatian, a German shepherd and a cluster of chickens wander around the grounds. The immaculate stables are newly clad in hardwood, the roofs newly tiled in slate. In the center of the complex is Boutin's own fine house, painted that special faded-yellow shade found on French country houses, but as elegant as the man himself; Boutin even wears his waterproof hunting boots with style.

He picked them up in 1968 on the way to the Keeneland yearling sales, and it

my French wasn't so good then. Later on, when he was heading home through New York, he watched me ride. He said he was impressed that riding wasn't just a nine-to-five job for me, that I was an all-round horseman."

That was in 1980. The first serious feeder from the Niarchos organization didn't come until a year later. Even when it did, the young jockey agonized for months. On his 20th birthday, March 15, 1982, a day when there was no racing at Santa Anita, Asmussen flew to France and looked over the Niarchos spread at Chantilly. "I was worried," he confesses now. "I couldn't speak the language, barring a *bonjour* or two; I'd never been raised around it. I knew I was changing my whole life. I had nothing in common with the people. Who could I ask, 'Is that right, the Yankees won by two?' Or, 'Did the Rams lose?'"

All the same, two months later Asmus-

sen's nationality of my riders—American, French, South African, English, whatever. Nationality is not important when driving the car, riding the horse, I looked merely for a young man, gifted, intelligent, uncomplicated, a *gagneur*—one with the will to win—like this one here."

Some of Asmussen's fears turned out to be groundless. He picked up French fast ("Just bought a book and tuned my ears in") and now he rattles away, maybe not like a Parisian but effectively. He can even tutor the visitor in coping with those barely decipherable French menus handwritten in violet ink. "Don't even try to read it," he says. "Ask the guy. 'What do you have like fish?' He tells you the fish. Or, 'What do you have like chicken or veal?' He'll tell you. That's the way I work it."

Along with the language came an unexpected plus, which Asmussen felt he shared with Cauthen—who, incidentally, now speaks not only with an English accent but with a South-of-England rural accent. Asmussen searches for words to express it, "Americans in France are kind of by themselves," he says. "Like in England and France, they have social classes. But an American, he's not put in any class. That makes it very nice."

Though he had no forelock-tugging to deal with, Asmussen's first season in France was marred by a wicked piece of bad luck that would have discouraged a less determined kid. It happened at Evry, a Parisian suburban track, on July 24 last year, in the Prix Minerve. "I was between two

was on another excursion to Kentucky that he had, so to speak, picked up Cash. "The first time I saw him," Boutin recalls, "I knew that here was an *garçon passionné*, a boy with a passion for horses." What had impressed Boutin was just seeing Asmussen at the sales, it is indeed a rare thing for a jockey to be as fascinated by bloodstock, by breeding, as he is.

"Somebody," says Asmussen, taking up the tale, "told me that there was this big French trainer around, big stable, lots of horses. I fixed up an introduction and talked with him through an interpreter—

sen signed up with Niarchos. One thing that swayed him, he says, was his conviction as a horseman that racing was becoming more and more an international sport. (He was borne out this summer at Keeneland, where 20 of the 24 yearlings that fetched \$1 million or more were earmarked for Europe; Sangster, and Niarchos and three sheikhs from the Persian Gulf were the chief buyers.) "A big body of water can't keep racing apart any longer," Asmussen says.

Boutin agrees. "Racing is like Formula One now," he says. "I don't care about

horses in the stretch, going forward, when they closed in a bit, just enough for my horse to stumble and fall." Asmussen recalls. "The horse behind me ran over me and broke my ankle." The description is terse; much more eloquent is the sight of the injury as it is now—two wide, livid scars, each more than four inches long, on both sides of his left ankle. "I called my mom up," he continues. "She came out for me and we took the first plane home."

Home is El Primero, the family-owned training center near Laredo, which comprises 360 stalls, a training track, a thera-

continued



Racing the "wrong" way, French-style, Asmussen bounds to victory in Deauville's Prix des Yearlings.

Our best Jox ever just got 20% better.



Thom McAn just came up with a **20% savings** on the best Jox[®] ever made. Jox with tough, remarkably light-weight Vibram[®] soles.

Jox with Vibram soles also have special features you'll find in top-line running shoes:

- Added support from a molded removable insole.
- Anti-burst suede toe.
- Padded collar and tongue for extra comfort.

However, Thom McAn Jox have one feature most other running shoes don't. A great price. Men's styles were \$29.99, now \$23.99. Women's and children's were \$24.99, now just \$19.99. We've improved our Jox with Vibram soles the only way we could. We lowered our price. Offer runs through September 10.

Thom McAn

Some styles not in all stores.
Prices slightly higher in Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

T/A[®] HIGH TECH[®] RADIALS

*Objective: Create European-style radials
that set new standards in
design and performance.*

Solution: The Comp T/A[®] 60V and 70V



The Comp T/A[®] radial is world-renowned for its innovative construction that combines BFGoodrich state-of-the-art technology with European-style design and performance. And now the Comp T/A is available in 60V and 70V series sizes.

BF Goodrich



Its black-on-black design and outstanding handling give our Comp T/A® the qualities of a European-born roadster. The Comp T/A even holds the prestigious V-speed rating—the highest rating achievable in Europe.

Other Comp T/A radial achievements include superior handling and cornering, ultra-responsive steering, and steering for direct application on most original equipment wheels.



in p r m m

The Comp T/A radial is available in 52V, 55V, 60V and 70V series sizes. BFGoodrich makes a complete line of advanced T/A® High Back® Radials. When you're ready for a tire with exceptional performance, there's a T/A High Back Radial designed for you.

- A. Lightweight siped tread pattern for quick steering response and high speed handling.
- B. Lightweight siped tread pattern for quick steering response and high speed handling.
- C. Extra compound tread offers outstanding traction and mileage.
- D. Computer-optimized tread offers outstanding handling and cornering.
- E. Low aspect ratio helps assure stability.



Under the chestnut trees at Maisons-Laffitte, Boutin talks strategy with his jockey.

CASH ASMUSSEN continued

py unit and a feed store. Asmussen's family couldn't be more horse-oriented: His grandfather, Irving Asmussen, owns thoroughbreds that run in California; his mother, Marilyn, trains at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex.; his father, Keith, 41, a jockey for 30 years, still rides in California, Texas and New Mexico. Brother Steve started riding last year; this winter he was an apprentice jockey at Aqueduct. In New Mexico, Cash mended and rested through last August. "I missed all

of August at Deauville," he says, "a big, big month." Deauville is the Normandy town where French racing retreats from Paris in the summer, a sort of Gallic Saratoga.

Asmussen launched his '83 championship campaign by winning his first French classic, the Poule d'Essai des Poulains, on April 24, on a horse called, appropriately enough, L'Emigrant. Then on May 15, he won a big French Derby prep race, the Prix Lupin, on L'Emigrant. L'Emigrant was favored for the June 5 French Derby, but the colt finished second by three lengths after failing to catch Sangster's Caerleon. "I was beaten by a better horse that day," Asmussen says with no regret. "Mine just couldn't take the mile and a half." On July 4, again appropriately, he took the lead in the jockey standings.

As France sweltered through a midsummer heat wave, Asmussen and Saint-Martin, along

with five-time champion Freddy Head, vied for the lead in the race for the Golden Whip, which is awarded for the greatest number of wins, regardless of money earned. Saint-Martin first won the Whip in 1960, two years before Cash was born. (Asmussen has been known to kid Saint-Martin by pointing out that his father is the Frenchman's junior, though only by three days.)

On July 10 at Saint-Cloud in suburban Paris, Asmussen found himself three races behind Saint-Martin. In the second race, a bell changed dolorously for the start and the horses were off. There was a deep growl from the crowd as Asmussen, on Greinton, took the early lead, held it throughout, and clawed one win closer to Saint-Martin. "Gum on Gas!" a linguistic expert had yelled as Greinton neared the post, while a woman with pink hair and—clearly—a winning ticket essayed, "Gas, you are fab!"

Though the fans and the bettors love Asmussen most of the time ("They howl a bit if you don't win," he says), this is not so with French riders he has displaced. Some have been known to be distant in manner in the jockeys' room. "There was a certain coolness at first," Asmussen says. "I wasn't accepted immediately. I was someone coming over to take a Frenchman's place. Things improved for a while, but when I started to win again this season, began to get a lot of publicity, it started up again. I just get on with my business."

A turfiste at Saint-Cloud that afternoon might have had the truth of it as Asmussen took the fourth race aboard Poumy, narrowing the gap in the jockey standings to a single race. "They are not honest to themselves," the French race fan said in English. "They are angry he comes to France to win." The honorable exceptions to this "angry" reception have been Cash's chief rivals, Saint-Martin and Head. Indeed, in the jockeys' room at Saint-Cloud, the great Saint-Martin spoke of Asmussen with warmth and respect. A bronzed southerner from Toulouse, Saint-Martin has an infinitely knowledgeable old jockey's face seamed with the same lines that can be found on the faces of such veterans as England's Lester Piggott and America's Shoemaker. "Above all, he is intelligent," Saint-Martin says of Asmussen. "He has a great head for a race, a great capacity for, you know, *la lutte*." Literally translated, this means "the struggle," but in racing idiom

continued on page 39



Cash, 21, likes to kid Saint-Martin, 41, about his age

U.S. OPEN TENNIS

IN THIS SPECIAL 16-PAGE ADVERTISING INSERT
THE AUTHOR TELLS US ABOUT
FOUR U.S. NATIONAL CHAMPIONS WHO ACHIEVED GREAT
SUCCESS BOTH ON COURT AND OFF.



THE NEW AE-1 PROGRAM

Nobody has been able to make fine photography this simple. Until now.

There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras, like professional tennis star Tracy Austin, carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on "PROGRAM" the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



For action photography, there's also shutter-priority automation, which lets you choose a speed fast enough to "freeze" moving subjects while the



camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



to 4 fps, rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.



'83 OPEN

OFFICIAL CANON SLR
MEDIA & GRAPHICS CORPORATION

Canon
AE-1
PROGRAM

Canon Inc., 100-10000 Canon Blvd., Torrance, CA 90504. Canon U.S.A., Inc., 300 South Zeeb Road, Lake Success, NY 11042. 140 Industrial Drive, Rockford, Illinois 61101. 4200 Peachtree Industrial Drive, Atlanta, Georgia 30326. 10000 Pines Road, Dallas, Texas 75243. 10000 Pines Road, Dallas, Texas 75243. 10000 Pines Road, Dallas, Texas 75243. 10000 Pines Road, Dallas, Texas 75243.



"... Since 1968 and the advent of Open tennis, the vast commercial opportunities created by professionalism . . . have produced a breed of champions who are acutely aware of the vagaries of the marketplace."

In the days before Open tennis and the boom that it created, the opportunities to make a living at the game did not extend very far beyond the court. The best players, those at the absolute pinnacle, turned pro and joined that small band of wandering nomads who played one-night stands across the country. Others, only slightly less talented and famous, gravitated toward such places as Wall Street where their notoriety helped pave the way for financial success.

But the situation has changed significantly since 1968 and the advent of Open tennis. The vast commercial opportunities created by professionalism and the managers and agents who descended on the game have produced a breed of champions who are acutely aware of the vagaries of the market-

place. They not only understand how and why deals are made, but also the numerous ways in which tennis players can capitalize on their reputations and media value in areas far removed from the playing fields. Today, the pro game is a rather sophisticated executive training program. We can better observe this trend if we look at the fortunes of four men from different tennis eras, all of whom have one thing in common. Each has won the U.S. national (Open) title at least once.

During a recent tournament Wojtek Fibak, the Polish pro who also serves as coach of high-ranking Ivan Lendl, sat on a podium during a press conference fielding questions about his protégé. An unfamiliar, peppery voice from the back of the press room asked, "Why do you suppose Lendl has become such a

dominant player indoors, when he grew up as a clay-court player?"

Fibak squinted, trying to identify the questioner. It was none other than J. Donald Budge, whose accomplishments include recording the first Grand Slam in tennis in 1938. Said one reporter to a friend, "I wish I had a dollar for every tennis match Don Budge has watched since his retirement."

It was perhaps the most eagerly awaited tennis match in the history of the U.S. nationals at Forest Hills, the final between Don Budge and Gottfried von Cramm in 1937. The two had met earlier in the Wimbledon final and, in the same arena, in the interstate finals round of the Davis Cup with the match knotted at 2-2. Both times Budge had won, the second time in a match he la-



Don Budge's backhand was such a marvelous stroke it is well worth showing here. Both shots are from the historic 1937 Wimbledon final in which he beat the German ace, Gottfried von Cramm. Only Australian Ken Rosewall's backhand merits comparison and most tennis historians give the edge to Budge.





PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]



Still playing in his late 60s, Budge has switched to a large metal racket (and the forehand). Above, he socializes with other past national champions: to his left, Arthur Ashe, Lew Hoad and Jack Kramer, and below, Chuck McNeely.

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]



ter called the greatest in his life, rallying from 1-4 in the fifth set to win 8-6.

Their Forest Hills final was a sellout, \$2.75 seats going for \$8. Budge had lost two sets on the way to the final, while von Cramm had been forced to struggle, so when Budge won the first set 6-1, it seemed the match might be anticlimactic. Wrong. Von Cramm won the second 9-7, dropped the third 6-1, but again rallied to win the fourth 6-3. However, the effort was too much, and the red-haired Budge's superb backhand. Budge won the deciding set 6-1. He won again in 1938, becoming the first player to sweep the four major championships of the day—Australia, France, England (Wimbledon) and the U.S. (Forest Hills)—the Grand Slam of tennis.

Budge has become America's pre-eminent ambassador of tennis. He serves in honorary capacities at numerous tournaments and is a member of the triumvirate that annually chooses the International Tennis Federation's World Champions. "Tennis has been so much my life that I couldn't get out now even if I wanted," says Budge.

Impeccably groomed, alert and enthusiastic, Budge exudes panache and an aura of sportsmanship that is an echo from another era. Reminiscing about the past, his ice-blue eyes dance. "When I turned pro in 1939," Budge recalled, "I made \$148,000. That was back when a hotel room cost five dollars and the best steak set you back maybe three dollars. At the end of that year, my taxes were \$2,080. I continued to play until I was 39, in 1954. I invested what I made and lived pretty modestly after that, so I wasn't under pressure to earn a lot."

Budge has embarked on only two ventures unrelated to tennis. Shortly after quitting the tour, he went to work for a friend who manufactured precision springs. The theory was that Budge's name would open more doors, a great asset in any sales position. But he didn't stay there long. Budge and a fellow traveler in tennis, Sidney Wood, lent their names to a sprawling laundry operation in New York City, the Budge-Wood Laundry Co. However, Budge was not as involved in the company's operations as Wood. To this day one can see their delivery trucks bearing the distinctive Budge-

Wood graphics rolling down the avenues of Manhattan.

The most satisfying of Budge's various tennis projects has been his tennis camp, Don Budge Tennis Campus, near Baltimore. The camp has been in operation for 20 years and Budge still gets out in the spring to run his staff through a "motivation program." He says proudly, "The kids are surprised that an old grandpa like me can still jerk them around on the court."

Today Budge has three principal responsibilities: the tennis camp, an endorsement and promotional deal with the Prince racket people and his ITF duties. He also holds free tennis clinics at public high schools for kids who can't afford camps or private instructions. "I like to see the young talent," Budge says. "It keeps me close to the roots of the game and it lets me see how the game evolves. Personally, I'm having more fun now. At 68, I enjoy being able to have a few drinks and to go to bed when I want."

Jack Kramer, six years younger than Budge, brought the modern attacking game to its zenith in the post-

IF PERSONAL COMPUTERS ARE FOR EVERYBODY, HOW COME THEY'RE PRICED FOR NOBODY?

A personal computer is supposed to be a computer for persons. Not just wealthy persons. Or whiz-kid persons. Or privileged persons.

But person persons. In other words, all the persons whom Apple, IBM, and Radio Shack seem to have forgotten about (including, most likely, you).

But that's okay. Because now you can get a high-powered home computer without taking out a second mortgage on your home.

It's the Commodore 64. We're not talking about a low-priced computer that can barely retain a phone number. We're talking about a memory of 64K. Which means it can perform tasks most

\$1395*
APPLE® IIe 64K

\$999*
TRS-80® III 16K

\$1355*
IBM® PC 64K

other home computers can't. Including some of those that cost a lot more. (Take another look at the three computers above.)

By itself, the Commodore 64 is all the computer you'll ever need. Yet, if you do want to expand its capabilities some day, you can do so by adding a full complement of Commodore peripherals. Such as disk drives, Modems, And printers.

You can also play terrific games on the Commodore 64. Many of which

will be far more challenging than those you could ever play on a game machine alone. And as great as all this sounds, what's even greater-sounding is the price. It's hundreds of dollars less than that of our nearest competitor.

So while other companies are trying to take advantage of the computer revolution, it seems to us they're really taking advantage of something else: Their customers.

*Manufacturers' suggested list prices. Monitor included with TRS-80 II only. Commodore Business Machines—PO Box 5009, Cincinnati, OH 45208. Canada—3373 Pharmacy Avenue, Agincourt, Ont. Can. M9W 2G4.

commodore
COMPUTER



THE COMMODORE 64. UNDER \$300.*

You can't buy a better computer at twice the price.

Apple is a registered trademark of Apple Computer, Inc.
TRS-80 is a registered trademark of Tandy Corp. IBM is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corp.



war years. He won the U.S. singles title in 1946 and 1947. Had it not been for a detour known as World War II, Kramer might have won before '46, but the 25-year-old Californian had spent the war years in the U.S. Coast Guard. Ever since he had made his first Eastern swing as a junior, it was clear the tall youth with the big serve-and-volley game would someday be a champion.

Across the net in the Forest Hills finals he faced another California ex-serviceman, Tom Brown, who had pulled off the upset of the tournament when he beat Frank Parker, who had won the title in 1944 and 1945. However, Kramer was something else again. Brown fought off four set points before losing the first, 9-7, but after that the match went downhill with accelerating speed.

Kramer winning 6-3, 6-0. It lasted only one hour, eleven minutes, one of the shortest finals in history. A year later Kramer won again, then turned pro. For a good part of his adult life, he tried to close the schism between amateur and professional tennis and when the historic moment was realized in 1968, he deserved considerable credit for it. Kramer was an exception in his profession: a champion with vision and specific ambitions that would keep him near the very heart of the game for decades after his retirement.

Thus it is only fitting that many people believe that Jack Kramer is not really a person but a tennis racket. That is because the Wilson frame that bears his name has been one of the great success stories in tennis. Until the recent

revolution in synthetic materials and racket-head size, the Wilson Jack Kramer autograph racket was the standard by which domestic rackets were judged. A guarantee and royalty arrangement has ensured that since the racket first appeared in 1948, Kramer could live without fundamental anxieties off racket profits alone. In peak years, the racket has brought him in excess of \$250,000. And, to this day, it is nearly identical to the model he first tested in '48.

"That first racket felt a little stiff, so they took out two laminations," Kramer remembers. "They also took out a little of the ash and added maple. It made the racket a winner, with both zip and great feel. Now, of course, we don't know where wood is going as a



Above, Jack Kramer is doing what he did so well, hitting his big serve. It's October 1949 and his unseen opponent is most likely the recently turned pro, Pancho Gonzales—the two in the midst of their long barnstorming tour. And what sort of Kramer shot is that at night? Why a publicity shot, of course.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR A BIG LOBBY TO GET A BIG ROOM.

At Howard Johnson's, our rooms don't come with a fancy lobby, splashy tinsel and a lot of other expensive extras.

Instead, we give you an oversized bed, a big bathroom and lots of little conveniences. Like a TV switch right at bedside and a section reserved just for executives in many lodges. And you get it all at a very sensible price.

So the next time you're planning a business trip and you'd like to spend the night in a big, comfortable, quiet room, you don't have to stay at a big, expensive hotel. Stay at Howard Johnson's. There's no charge for the lobby.

For reservations, call your travel agent or call toll free, 1-800-654-2000. In Eastern Canada, call 1-800-268-4940.



HOWARD JOHNSON'S

WE CARE ABOUT THE THINGS THAT COUNT MOST.™

ALADDIN® Stanley®
Thermos with stainless
steel inner liner keeps
beverages hot or cold all
day long. Handy
quart size. AS44C **20⁹⁹**

**ALADDIN® Pump-A-
Drink®** dispenses a
smooth stream of bever-
age hot or cold, hours
after filling. Handle
size QT size P338A **8⁹⁹**



**SERVE® 1320W Portable
Electric Heater** has automatic
thermostat 360° safety tip-over
switch, 6' cord. Handle
UL Listed. HRI10 **22⁹⁹**



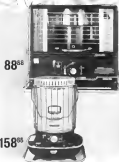
**EMERSON® Designer™ 52"
Ceiling Fan** has real wood
blades. 3-speed reversible
motor, pull-chain control.
White, brown. C70521/W1 **99⁹⁹**



True Value
HARDWARE STORES®

Winning

There are over 6,000 True Value Hardware Stores in 50 states.



88⁹⁹



118⁹⁹



19⁹⁹



16⁹⁹

GLO 70" Radiant Kerosene Heater
is 99.8% fuel efficient to cut heating
costs. 8,400 BTU/hr. warms approx
260 sq. ft. Fuel tank lifts
out. Auto shutoff. 7050L **88⁹⁹**

**ALADDIN® 9,600 BTU Custom
Exclusive Kerosene Heater** has
automatic ignition and extinguish
switches. Burns 17-22 hrs.
on 12 gal. of fuel. CS81U **118⁹⁹**

FIRST ALERT® Fire-Safety Kit
includes 9V-battery operated smoke
& fire detector and extinguisher to put
out oil, grease, electrical fires
in home and garage. S457E37 **19⁹⁹**

**HOT-COLD CHAMP™
Vacuum Bottle** is
unbeatable stainless
steel made and out.
Double-walled, cup
keeps hot drinks hot,
cold drinks cold. Leak-
proof stopper, handle.
3-yr. warranty.
1 liter. H8500 **16⁹⁹**

**CCORONA® XL-DK Portable Kero-
sene Heater** has huge 22,600 BTU/
hr. output to warm with clean, odor-
less, economical heat.
Auto safety shutoff. XL-DK **158⁹⁹**

**ALADDIN® Custom Exclusive
Kerosene Heater** with auto ignition
and extinguish. 15,200 BTU/hr. out-
put. Burns 12-16 hrs.
on 13-gal. fuel. CS83U **138⁹⁹**

FIRST ALERT® Ready Lite™ is
always ready. Recharges in wall bracket
for 24 hr. continuous use. Adjust-
able beam width, intensity and angle. AL100 **24⁹⁹**



KWIKSET® Deadbolt Locks
with 1-throw bolt, revolving
housing for extra protection.
Single cylinder 663CP-A42 **11⁹⁹**
Double cylinder 663CP-A42 **12⁹⁹**



**TRU-GUARD® Laminated
Steel Padlock** has double-
locking shackle, precision solid
brass 4-pin tumbler. 1 1/2"
wide. 2 keys. 342-22-51 **3⁹⁹**



**ITT® Bright Beam Security
Light** for tennis court, patio or
driveway. 300W quartz lamp
sheds more light than
2 incandescents. 8P300Q **28⁹⁹**



DIABLO® Security Switch
programs 8 on/off light settings
daily. Dimmer control saves
energy. Choose single
or 3-way switch. 55W13 **17⁹⁹**



BROTHER® Electronic Printer
fits in a briefcase. 16-character
LCD readout to correct before
printing. Cassette
ribbon. 5 lbs. 17-26 **199⁹⁵**



DURACELL® Alkaline 9V 2-Pk.
"C" or "D" MN1504S (A, 3008) Ea. **1⁹⁹**
6V Spring Top Battery MN308 **5⁹⁹**
2-pack "AAA" MN240C2 **1⁹⁹**
4-pack "AA" MN1500B4 **2⁹⁹**



**Chrome Flashlight with
Focusing Ring** has glass lens,
spare bulb holder, hanger ring,
signal button. Uses 2 "D"
cells (not incl.) FF3530 **1⁶⁹**

RAYOVAC batteries are
sealed in steel 4-pack "C" or
"D" size 120 without coupon
only **79^c** with this
coupon

Only at participating True Value Hardware
Stores through Sept. 9, 1993. 4C-7048

RAYOVAC 4-PAK "C" BATTERIES	RAYOVAC 4-PAK "D" BATTERIES	RAYOVAC 4-PAK "C" BATTERIES	RAYOVAC 4-PAK "D" BATTERIES
--------------------------------	--------------------------------	--------------------------------	--------------------------------

True Value

Values

Just look under "Hardware" in the Yellow Pages



Pat Summerall.

Award-Winning Sportscaster

"The Dog Days of summer are winding down, and
now is the perfect time to get ready for Fall with
these special values for inside and outside your
home, only from True Value Hardware Stores
and Home Centers."



79⁹⁹

**TRUE VALUE® 1/2
HP Waste Disposer**
with continuous feed
grinds garbage. Two
360° swivel impellers,
steel rotating
shredder 1-pc stain-
less stopper. Easy
installa-
tion. T1104 **79⁹⁹**



**EVEREADY® ENERGIZER® Long-
Life Alkaline Batteries** for reliable
power. 9V 2-pack "C" or "D" 5/778P/
E11.5 Each **1⁹⁹** 2-Pk. "AAA" E11.3 **2⁹⁹**
4-Pk. "AA" E11.1 **2⁹⁹**

EVEREADY® Flashlight with Batteries
features ribbed body for easy
grip, chrome-plated steel case, on/
off switch, ring hanger. 2
"D" batteries incl. 5251WB E **5⁹⁹**



PARAMOUNT® Blower has 1 HP
permanent-magnet motor to sweep
walks, patios, under shrubs. Light-
weight construction is
easy to handle. PB250 **54⁷⁷**

TRUE TEMPER® Pruning Shear
has a polished upper steel blade that
stays sharp and smooth-cutting
easy-grip handle ideal for fruit
trees, shrubs and hedges. A35 **6⁹⁹**

**TRUE TEMPER® 5 Seasons in-
door/Outdoor Rake®** sweep-type
brume rake whisks away leaves and
mulch. Fluffs shag carpets,
too. 24" head won't rust. F524 **6⁹⁹**

**WEED EATER® Electric Trimmer/
Edger** edges along walks and drive-
ways. Powerful motor for heavier trim-
ming on average lawns,
Top-N-Go head. 7 lbs. 807 **37⁹⁵**



**MASTER ELECTRICIAN®
Wall Dimmer** rotates to dim or
brighten light, pushes on and
off. Saves energy.
600-watt. 3541B9 **3⁹⁹**



**DUR-O-PEG® 40-Channel
Cable Block Converter** adds
extra VHF/UHF sets to your cable
system. Compatible with
remote tuning. 4802 **24⁹⁵**



**GENIE® Trac-Drive® Garage
Door Opener** is reliable and main-
tenance-free. Safety reverse,
auto light delay radio
control. 1/3HP mtr. G380 **179⁹⁹**



M-D® Push Grille reduces wear
and tear to protect screen and
storm doors. Satin aluminum.
34" wide to fit
36" doors. 435 **9⁴⁴**



racket material. Today, everybody seems to want something big and black. What we need is a good solid ad campaign pointing out that you don't need a \$250 racket to win. Just look at Chris Evert Lloyd, Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors. They all use standard-size rackets."

Kramer's career as a pro ran from the latter part of 1947 to 1953, at which time he successfully turned promoter. He wanted to establish teams as "a logical pro sport" and to create better financial opportunities for the participants. Still, it was the early '60s before he made any real headway. "I used to have a terrible sense of loss and guilt after turning some of these great young players pro," Kramer says. "I thought I'd affect a merger but the pattern went

on. Guys who turned pro enjoyed a few years of big money, but amateur tennis continued to get most of the publicity. Philosophically my plan failed until the emergence of wealthy sponsors like George MacCall and Lamar Hunt. That's when the amateur establishment finally saw the handwriting on the wall."

Despite such broodings, Kramer's track record in tennis is remarkable. He has been a prime mover on every occasion that has helped revolutionize the contemporary game. He is the father of the Grand Prix concept that still rules the day. He was given the promotional rights to the second official event of the Open era, the Pacific Southwest championships. He was on the first board of the players' organiza-

tion, the Association of Tennis Professionals. He helped institute the idea of a Pro Council to regulate the game, holding a seat on that board on behalf of tournament promoters. "I'm proud," Kramer declares. "From nothing I helped bring about a system that currently knits together some 90 tournaments worldwide."

Lessons learned in the tennis business were not lost on Kramer. He has extensive investments in stocks, apartment houses and "oil things." For eight years he successfully operated the Jack Kramer Club near Palos Verdes, Calif., and in a gesture of goodwill recently sold it to a consortium of 275 families for the price of his own investment. Kramer also owns Los Serranos Golf & Country Club in Chi-



Holding the famous racket that continues to make him financially secure, Kramer remains a force in tennis at various levels. He sits on the nine-member Men's International Pro Tennis Council, promotes a Grand Prix tournament in Los Angeles and, occasionally, describes the action on court, here with fellow tennis analyst Donald Dell.

THE
U.S. OPEN
TENNIS



SPECIAL
ADVERTISING
INSERT

no, 30 miles east of Los Angeles. He is a spokesman for the National Junior Tennis League on behalf of Congoleum, a position that is essentially charitable in nature.

In 1982, Kramer underwent a hip operation that took him off his beloved golf course. "I should bicycle, walk two miles and swim daily, but I tend to get lazy," he says. "Still, I'm really walking quite well. It's rather hard not to limp when you've been doing it for a long time. In a few months, I'll be hitting drives again. All in all, I feel pretty damned lucky."

Arthur Ashe also has reason to feel fortunate—especially since surviving open-heart surgery at the age of 36, just months after playing some of the best tennis of his life. In 1968

Ashe won the first U.S. Open. It was still held at Forest Hills and it was still played on grass, but pros such as Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall and Pancho Gonzales could compete with amateurs like John Newcombe, Dennis Ralston and, well, Arthur Ashe.

Ashe didn't have great difficulty reaching the finals as both Laver and Newcombe in his half of the draw were upset. He beat fellow American Clark Graebner in the semis, then faced Tom Okker of the Netherlands. Okker, listed as a registered player, a curious and short-lived category which meant he was somewhere between pro and amateur, was quick and agile. But Ashe simply hit the cover off the ball. In the first set alone he served 15 aces, winning 14-12. From then on the two play-

JOHN L. BRYANT



How Havoline Supreme's 9 additives help you get the most out of your car.



Proven protection up front.

Havoline Supreme with Texaco-developed additives, including a built-in friction fighter, protects engines against wear, rust, and hearing corrosion—and helps prevent acid, sludge, and varnish deposits.

What's more, Havoline's multigrade rating offers wide-temperature range convenience for year-round protection.

Havoline's protection is proven.

The final test of a motor oil comes under actual driving



Backed by improved mileage.

conditions. Havoline Supreme has proven it delivers the kind of protection needed in tough, high-speed state trooper cars and severe stop-and-go driving in New York City taxis.

Havoline helps save gasoline.

Fuel economy tests proved it. Compared to a conventional motor oil, Havoline Supreme, with its special friction-fighting additive, helps save gasoline.



Havoline is diesel tested.

If you own a diesel, we have good news. Havoline 10W/30 has the API-SF/CC rating required by most engines like yours. And it's been

proven in punishing diesel-powered taxis.

Engine protection and improved mileage. They come together. Thanks to Havoline Supreme.



TEXACO

THE
U.S. OPEN
TENNIS



SPECIAL
ADVERTISING
INSERT

CONVERSE ANNOUNCES TWO NEW HIGH PERFORMANCE TENNIS SHOES WITH SOMETHING IN THEM NO ONE ELSE HAS.



Now there are two Converse® tennis shoes designed around the way two of the world's top tennis players play the game.



The Jimmy Connors leather



The Chris Evert leather
(Available in canvas)

The new Converse Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert.

Both have the unique Converse bioflex outsole that maximizes the flexibility and control

in your forefoot area—the portion of your foot on which you play the most crucial part of your game. So both give you extra traction.

Plus, both give you the kind of comfortable fit only a Converse can. Because they're made on the advanced Converse last. So when you wear them, you get the same kind of increased endurance they give the champs they're named after.

The Converse Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert. Feature for feature they beat every shoe in their class. Try on a pair and see how it feels to be one of the world's top tennis players today.



©1983 Converse Inc

The Official Athletic Shoe of the 1984 Olympic Games

ers traded sets, Ashe winning the fifth and decider, 6-3. For his championship efforts he received a trophy and \$20 a day in expense money. Okker received the winner's share for losing, \$14,000!

Ashe recently turned 40. A diversity of interests has kept him as busy as he has been at any time in his career. Ashe is a member of the first generation of pros who have benefited materially and psychologically from the changes wrought by Open tennis. He personifies the player who understands the business of tennis and knows how to capitalize on the opportunities created by his high profile and credibility as a spokesman, a salesman and a successful entrepreneur.

Partly because he knows his value, Ashe is not confining himself to tennis enterprises nor to the challenge of increasing his fortunes. His current interests include holding the national campaign chair for the American Heart Association, heading the Black Tennis Foundation and being a member of the National Professional Tennis Coaches Association, a project to develop more and better black tennis coaches. But the most intriguing of Ashe's undertakings is the book he is writing with Kip Branch, an English teacher. Ashe sincerely hopes that the book will be the definitive history of the black American athlete.

"The idea was born out of a class I teach at Florida Memorial College in Miami, Fla.," Ashe says. "Gathering data for my course, I was shocked to

In 1968, Arthur Ashe won the first U.S. Open while he was still an amateur. He did it with thunderbolt serves and all-out-nothing groundstrokes, beating Jan Okker of the Netherlands in the finals. Ashe's reward was simply a trophy, but the defeated Okker took home a sizeable check.





find that despite a good number of books about various athletes, nobody had put it all together in an historical perspective and nobody related his material to larger social trends or examined the impact certain events had on society. For instance, everybody knows about the Joe Louis-Max Baucus fight. We know that people went nuts when it happened. But, I want to know, what were the specific feelings? What did, say, black people in Texas feel about it?

"Also, I want the reader to know why black America produces such good athletes. In about the 1960s, the material gets very heavy. The black college athlete of that time was a different breed of cat, a southern kid most of the time, very fragile and often frustrated on a big campus. That, too, is a whole area nobody has explored. The work is there to be done."

Additionally, Ashe is on the Board of Directors of Aetna Life & Casualty. He is fascinated by the operation of a major corporation and finds his position as a consultant on minority hiring and training gratifying. "Aetna and the book are my two greatest challenges,"

he proclaims. "They're the ones that take me furthest afield from tennis. Throughout my career I felt that when my playing days were over I wanted to be involved in things other than tennis. I felt like the hotshot high school athlete looking at his college offers when the time finally came for me to make my decisions."

Of course, Ashe is still heavily involved in tennis. He has a substantial contract with the French sportswear firm, Le Coq Sportif and an ongoing relationship with Head, the racket manufacturer. But Ashe takes particular pride in his role as Davis Cup captain of the U.S. team that features a young man who is the temperamental opposite of Ashe, John McEnroe. "It took John a long time to trust me, because he knows how I feel about some of his behavior. Our relationship has changed tremendously since Day One. I think the high point occurred a few months ago, when we lost to Argentina on their courts. We were down two matches to one, with John playing Guillermo Vilas in the fourth and vital meeting. John had already played ten sets of tennis and his shoulder was in pretty bad shape. Vilas had him way

down and it was pretty obvious that there was no way for us to come back. On the changeover just before it ended, John peeks up from behind his towel, looks at me and says with a smile, "O.K., Coach, have you any pearly words of wisdom for me?" We couldn't help but crack up. I was hoping that the cameras weren't on us because it wasn't exactly the right moment to look like you were having a good time, but it's still one of my funniest memories in tennis."

Most observers agree that the pressures created by tennis in the Open era have taken a great deal of the fun out of the pro game. The subject was directly addressed at the 1981 U.S. Open by one of the last great champions known for his sporting attitude, John Newcombe. That year, the sentimental pairing of Australians Newcombe and Fred Stolle, champions of an earlier era, shocked the tennis community by reaching the semifinals of the doubles despite playing purely on a lark. After Newk and Stolle fell to McEnroe and Peter Fleming in the semis, Newcombe made the following observation about the game. "I feel sorry for a lot of today's players. It

Ashe, at 40, has undergone his second successful open-heart surgery and continues to do well. His most important contribution to tennis in recent years has been as captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, which has involved the delicate task of handling the often unpredictable John McEnroe

Up top from Davis Under in the mid 1960s came still another Australian, the spectacular John Newcombe, then without mustache, but with a superb serve and forehand that gave him two victories in the U.S. nationals at Forest Hills and three All-England championships at Wimbledon.



seems that tennis isn't really seen as a sport anymore. Sure it's a living and a way to earn a great deal of money but it's been taken over by the fringe of sport. It's become a jungle out there, and your opponent is seen as an enemy. It's sad when you lose sight of the nature of sport."

In 1967, at 23, John Newcombe had won Wimbledon six weeks before arriving at Forest Hills, so it was only natural that he be seeded No. 1. He reached the finals with no particular problem and found himself facing Graebner, who hoped to become the first American to win the championship since Tony Trabert in 1955. Graebner had been down two sets to love in the semis and had survived, so when he lost 6-4, 6-4 in the first two sets with Newcombe and then took a 5-2 lead in the third, fans in Forest Hills Stadium hoped for a repeat. No chance. The good-looking Australian swept three games with the loss of only three points and, after Graebner held serve, won three straight again, closing out the match 8-6 for the championship. Newcombe won again at Forest Hills in 1973, this time as a pro, making him one of five players—Ken Rosewall,

Rod Laver, Margaret Court and Billie Jean King are the others—to have won the U.S. nationals both as an amateur and a professional.

Newcombe will always be remembered for his balanced attitude toward competition. His image as a handsome, healthy man with no demons lurking in his psyche make him a prime commercial property. A man with a sophisticated sense of public relations, Newcombe has merrily built a small empire on his name. Because of such efforts, he cannot afford to shave the mustache that has been his distinguishing feature. It is a copyrighted trademark in 30 nations. "The mustache has become the most widely recognized sports trademark in the world," says Bud Stanner, Newcombe's agent at the International Management Group. "The only one that even comes close is Arnold Palmer's umbrella."

The mustache currently sells, among other things, sportswear and toiletries. Additionally, Newcombe has affiliations with Rolex, Canon and Prince. He is a tennis commentator for the CBS network and operates a string of tennis camp operations international-

ly. However, Newcombe recently has been expanding from purely commercial enterprises into a few civic areas that might deposit him squarely into the middle of Australian politics.

A few decades ago, Australia ruled tennis. The dynasty masterminded by revered Coach Harry Hopman produced a host of remarkable players: Rod Laver, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Roy Emerson and Fred Stolle. Newcombe and his contemporary, Tony Roche, were the last in that line of succession and when the dynasty collapsed, it did so resoundingly. Newcombe, helped by Roche, has undertaken a revival effort. Together they oversee a tennis development program heavily underwritten by a few major Australian corporations. The program operates high intensity camps intended to find and aid talent.

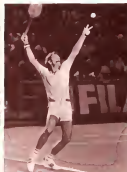
At the same time, Newcombe serves as the chairman of the Australia Day Committee, a group which intends to raise national consciousness in a country—a continent at that—with no equivalent of the Fourth of July and no national anthem. Those who know New feel that he is easing himself into politics, and this spring he gave further credence to the notion by making a television announcement on behalf of a political party. "Right now, I'd say that Newk is on his way to becoming a plain-clothes politician," says Stanner. "Personally, I feel that sooner or later he's going to wind up with an important role in that area."

That such a future can be envisioned for a tennis player is a mark of how far the profession has come in a few short years. It is no coincidence that Newcombe and Ashe are contemporaries—both products of an era during which tennis players reached unprecedented heights of celebrity. The trend would probably continue but for one recent development. Over the past two years, two different tours for players over the age of 35 have been organized and have proved lucrative. Perhaps the new question will be not what a man will do to support himself when his career in tennis is over, but whether he can afford to tear himself away from the game to fulfill any other ambitions he might harbor.

by FRED ANGER



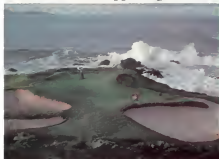
Newcombe's mustache has become his trademark and it's certainly a symbol of success. His good looks and charm, as well as his shrewd business sense, have kept his name and image in the public eye more than any other player of his era.



INTEREST ONLY: NEWCOMBE, BY FRED ANGER

Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum. It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.



After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Post of Carmel Valley Ranch.



A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.



Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Runkles with rum in all around and rum on the rocks.



After a lively doubles match, Tricia Allott, Thomas Briant, Maureen Dully and Vance Killen pause for rum sours. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.



Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1935 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Ewe.



A party at Carmel's Aelster Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Juarez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year — by law.



Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. 1-16, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 ©1983 Government of Puerto Rico

Practice really does make perfect.

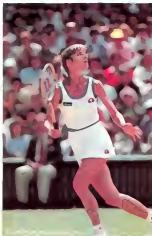
Without doubt, Chris Evert-Lloyd is one of the all-time great women tennis players.

Three Wimbledon, six U.S. and five French championships, as well as the Australian Open and five Italian titles, are evidence of Chris's unmatched will to win.

She has always played with metronomic precision. She drives the ball hard and deep with a consistency and accuracy that bear testament to years of practice. An increasing willingness to come to the net and volley with the same ruthless efficiency has raised her game to near perfection.

Chris Evert-Lloyd is a very strong competitor indeed. Those who know how tough the game can be have learned to appreciate her for it.

"For the first few years, I think the



crowds were just waiting to see the Ice Queen melt," she says. "And, of course, eventually I lost some matches ... but when they saw I could take it ... that I was human ... then they liked me for it. Now crowds are usually on my side ... and that's nice!"

To Chris Evert-Lloyd, stamina and style count. In her game. In the watch she wears. A Rolex Lady-Datejust. "It's a strong watch," she says. "It's always surprising to me how tough it really is."

"Still, I know Rolex has been making watches for a very long time, and 'practice makes perfect' is something I've always agreed with."

Chris Evert-Lloyd and her Rolex Lady-Datejust. Both made perfect by practice.


ROLEX



The Rolex Lady-Datejust Chronometer. Available in 18kt. gold, with matching bracelet.

Write for brochure: Rolex Watch, U.S.A., Inc., Dept 409, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
World headquarters in Geneva. Other offices in Canada and major countries around the world.

it means the last stage of a race, the finish. Saint-Martin shrugs off the coldness of lesser jockeys. "It is normal," he says. "They will learn."

Outside the track, copies of *Tiercé* magazine, a gaudy tabloid that caters to French bettors, are selling briskly; the front page displays a head-and-shoulders photo of *Le Cin* and a headline suggesting that the American is the victim of a conspiracy. Lay out your 4.90 francs, and you discover nothing inside but a symposium of horsemen on the novel phenomenon of the American rider who is, well, sort of taking over French racing. A few opinions are frankly hostile. "When I find myself with him in the last meters, I always have a good hope of winning," declares one Antoine Perrotta, who has an Angel Cordero-like reputation as a hard jock but who, at this point, was not placed among the top five riders in the standings. "The secret of good jockeys is good horses," faint-praises Alain Lequeux, the fourth-ranked jockey. The consensus is solidly for Asmussen, however. Most contributors rave over his calm, his sang-froid, over how aerodynamic he is in the saddle. "This name," summarizes the article, "which sounds so American, has become magic to millions of French *rivaristes*."

For French racing, Asmussen has not altered his manner of riding at all. In fact, a lot of young French riders are beginning to imitate him, though many must struggle with a disadvantage. "On average, their legs are four inches shorter than mine," Asmussen says. "So I ride longer than Yves but I stay a lot closer to my horse." Indeed, Asmussen seems to be almost flat along his mount. *Aérodynamique*.

This analysis was offered on his day off, a Monday, when only steeplechase events were taking place on the local race program. Asmussen was relaxing beside the moat of the Chateau de Chantilly, where he sometimes goes to enjoy a delicacy of the region, an ice-cream cone topped with sweet whipped Chantilly cream. But should he be eating such a high-calorie creation? "Jocks here don't eat it," he asks. "They're lying if they say that."

All the same, once the topping has

gone, Asmussen tosses the rest of the cone into the swallow-haunted, carp-thronged moat, whereupon a 20-pound fish rolls up and gulps it down. The 5'6" Asmussen claims to have no problem maintaining his weight at 112 to 114 pounds, though it has been pointed out that he is tall for a jockey, and has found European racing's greater tolerance of weight convenient.

Like Cauthen, Asmussen has had to overcome the initial difficulty presented by tracks on which the horses go the "wrong" way, that is, clockwise. Indeed, the problem is more complex than that because in France the tracks are mixed

him for his finish should look at some statistics. Four times out of five in photo finishes he's won the verdict. They might look also at the way he won the Poule d'Essai des Poulains, bringing *L'Emigrant* up behind the leaders, timing his run perfectly.

Boutin was talking at Les Aigles as Asmussen rode out on *Niarchos*' 3-year-old filly *Alliance*, half-sister to stakes-winner *Blushing Groom*, a million-dollar yearling at Keeneland in the days when you could still pick up a bargain.

"Winning the confidence of Boutin did not just snap out of the clouds," Asmussen had said earlier. But that sneering at Keeneland had helped convince the trainer that the young man was more than just an ordinary jockey; that he was the complete horseman. Which Asmussen is not slow to confirm. "Being a good jockey is not just being able to guide 'em," he says. "You have to know a lot more. I want to be an overall horseman, not just a jockey, not just a breeder, not just a trainer."

That is an ambition that could well be realized, no doubt, when he finishes his riding career in the U.S., as he says he will, and goes back to the family horse business in Texas. And becomes an American again? The question rubs him a little raw.

"Can you get more American than I am?" he asks. "I think it's an honor for America that the Europeans approached me just because I had so much success in the U.S. It's an honor that they respect American riders, that they have one come over and

ride some of the best horses in the world. They've been going twice as long as we have."

An honor, too, he considers it, that as an American he rides all over the world for *Niarchos*. Japan, England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium," he recites, "Tunisia, Morocco . . ."

It's tough to keep a boy down on the farm now that he's seen not only Paris but much of the rest of the world. And maybe, with Saint-Martin's coming retirement, there will be the possibility of riding for the marvelous racing establishment of the Aga Khan. It may be some time before Cash gets back to Laredo on a permanent basis.

END



Niarchos was all smiles at the Poule d'Essai des Poulains.

At Longchamp, Chantilly and Deauville, the racing is clockwise, at Evry and Saint-Cloud counterclockwise, at Maisons-Laffitte sometimes one way, sometimes the other. Moreover, some tracks are not level and include small hills.

Probably the toughest adjustment Asmussen had to make, though, was in coping with the very long straights—one as long as 10 furlongs—which may have caused, some say, more than a few difficulties in *la ligne*, his timing of a late run. After all, French horsemen say, it took the great Piggott 10 years to figure out Longchamp. "Certainly he had to figure out our long-straight lines," Boutin says of Asmussen. "But people who criticize

Something of an inside joke among TV sports people this summer is NBC's "live" studio show called *30 Rock*. The name, which refers to 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the New York City headquarters of NBC, is one of those slick Madison Avenue slogans that strive to be with it. Never mind that it means nothing to viewers west of Manhattan. The show, a mixture of scores, highlights and updates, purports to be the latest in live electronic journalism. In fact, whole sections are taped as much as an hour in

ABC and CBS. Because of such programming reversals as the loss of the 1980 Olympics when the U.S. withdrew from the Games and the NCAA basketball tournament's moving to CBS, NBC has long been mired in third place in the race for sports viewers. Weisman, 33, who only 12 years ago was an NBC page seating people for Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show*, is supposed to restore the Peacock's pride.

It'll be a feat worthy of Carnac the Magnificent. Besides missing out on the

by William Tautle

who had been coordinating producer for baseball since '79.

Weisman has the reputation of being a brash, try-anything innovator. "I saw a lot of me in him, he was aggressive, bright and had good ideas," says Don Ohlmeyer, Weisman's predecessor and now an independent producer. Having Morgan Fairchild introduce a boxing match and using a video "tracer" to plot the direction of pitches in this year's All-Star Game were controversial Weisman touches and possible harbingers of gimmicks to come.

Executive producers are responsible for hiring and firing talent and for the content and look of each program their shop airs. Thus, Weisman didn't push to extend new contracts to SportsWorld producer Hilary Cosell and NFL analyst Len Dawson. He's creating new NFL broadcast teams, matching Mary Albert with John Brodie, for example, and assigning Don Criqui to a new partner. He's revamping NFL '83, the Sunday pregame show, and—praise be!—deep-sixing the name *30 Rock*. A transformed news and highlights show will replace *30 Rock* next February.

Weisman is a much different boss than Ohlmeyer was. Whenever Ohlmeyer saw an opening by which he could expand his power, he flowed in like the Red Sea. By contrast, Weisman is the quintessential Mr. Nice Guy. "The first two months of the job I felt like Joyce Brothers, solving problems among people," he says. But it will take more than a listening ear and a pleasant personality for NBC Sports to snap back. Weisman will have to eradicate such snafus as the one that blemished NBC's telecast of track and field's World Championships from Helsinki last week. During coverage of the women's javelin finals on Saturday, the network told us to stay tuned for the decathlon later that day, even though anyone could see it being completed in the background. NBC also will have to reacquire the NCAA basketball playoffs or land the '88 Winter and Summer Olympics. As Weisman already can attest, nice guys don't necessarily finish last. Neither do they always come in first.

END

This producer must produce

Mike Weisman faces the tough task of reviving beleaguered NBC Sports



Weisman's business address will be leaving the air

Olympics and the NCAA basketball tournament, two years ago NBC rashly sided with the College Football Association in its TV-rights dispute with the NCAA. When the NBC/CFA prime-time television plan collapsed shortly thereafter, ABC and CBS were left with college football, and NBC was left holding the megaphone. Except for Wimbledon, NBC has no prestige events on Sundays from mid-March until the end of this month. Its *SportsWorld* anthology consists of trashsports prepped up by fights featuring brawlers and bleeders. Ratings are up only for golf.

Still, NBC Sports does have some things going for it. Two breaths of life came earlier this year when NBC Sports President Arthur Watson paid \$575 million for half of the major league baseball package through 1989 and \$6 million for soccer's 1986 World Cup—steep prices, but

moves that will help fill the network's program cupboard. In addition, after losing several frontline announcers and executives over the last few years, Watson has signed such luminaries as Vin Scully, Merlin Olsen, Al McGuire and Tony Kubek to long-term contracts. Finally, he promoted Weisman, the wunderkind

advance. Why? Hosts Mike Adamle and Bill Macatee often need several takes to get their lines and smiles down.

30 Rock is Exhibit A of the kind of problem that Mike Weisman, who was named executive producer at NBC Sports in February, will have to solve if his division is to pick up the hunt against

Finally, a copier for the most important person in my life.

Me.



To you, I'm Jack Klugman the Actor.
To my agent, business manager,
and accountant, I'm Jack Klugman the
Corporation.

They have copiers. Why shouldn't I?
Now I can. A Canon Personal
Cartridge copier. And it's so small, it's
perfect for people in almost any business.
Even if their business is at home.

It's like no other copier ever. Because
Canon put the entire copying process—
the toner, the drum and the developer—in
one neat cartridge. Each cartridge is good
for about 2,000 beautiful copies. On just

about any kind of paper. Even labels and
transparencies.

And once the cartridge is used up,
you just replace it. It's so simple to care
for, anyone could maintain it.

Here's something else it does. It
copies in black, brown, or blue. Just by
changing a cartridge. Nobody else's
copier does that. Not even the big ones.
And nobody else's plain paper copier
costs so little.

So shouldn't there be a Canon
Personal Cartridge copier for the most
important person in your life? You.



Canon PC-10
It's the shortest distance between
now and a quick copy.
Compact. Convenient. Personal.
\$995*



Canon PC-20
Efficient for any business.
With the added convenience
of automatic paper feeding to
make 8 copies a minute.
\$1,295*



Canon PC Cartridges
Available with black, brown,
or blue toner.
\$65 in black.
\$79 in brown or blue.

*suggested retail price exclusive of cartridge

Canon PC-10/20

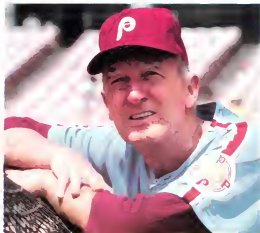
Personal Cartridge Copying, Plain and Simple.™

For more information, call 1-800-321-2200. In NJ, call 201-348-5000.
Circle 10 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 11 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 12 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 13 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 14 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 15 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 16 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 17 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 18 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 19 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 20 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 21 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 22 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 23 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 24 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 25 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 26 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 27 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 28 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 29 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 30 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 31 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 32 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 33 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 34 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 35 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 36 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 37 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 38 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 39 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 40 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 41 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 42 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 43 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 44 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 45 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 46 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 47 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 48 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 49 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 50 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 51 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 52 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 53 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 54 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 55 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 56 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 57 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 58 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 59 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 60 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 61 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 62 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 63 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 64 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 65 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 66 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 67 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 68 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 69 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 70 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 71 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 72 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 73 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 74 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 75 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 76 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 77 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 78 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 79 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 80 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 81 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 82 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 83 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 84 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 85 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 86 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 87 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 88 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 89 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 90 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 91 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 92 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 93 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 94 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 95 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 96 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 97 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 98 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 99 on Reader Service Card.
Circle 100 on Reader Service Card.

by Jim Kaplan

How tough is it to be manager and general manager—in other words, to wear baseball shoes and street shoes at the same time? Well, Philadelphia's "Pope" Paul Owens performs both duties, and he recently couldn't even wear one pair. Owens, 59, borrowed some spikes when the Phillies were in St. Louis, only to discover that they were a size too small. "And the way I pace," he moaned, "my feet were killing me."

Other than that, Owens has fitted in quite nicely as manager of the team he general manages. Owens replaced the fired Pat Corrales as manager on July 18, when the Phillies were 43-42 and tied for first with St. Louis in the National League East. Through Sunday the Phillies were 17-10 under Owens and held undisputed possession of first, 1½ games ahead of second-place Pittsburgh. As for the defending world champion Cardinals, they had lost 16 of 26—including five of six to Philadelphia over the last



Since Owens returned to the dugout, Philadelphia has strengthened its hold on first.

A retread with nifty mileage

In his second tour as the Phillies' manager, G.M. Paul Owens is motoring

two weeks—and had fallen to fourth, 6½ games out.

Until Corrales got the ax in Philadelphia, no manager of a first-place team had ever been fired during a season. And for a general manager adding the manager's duties, you had to go back 11 years—to Paul Owens with these same Phillies, in fact—to find a precedent.

"So many players had fallen off and communication was so bad that I felt we had to do something immediately," says Phillies President Bill Giles of the decision to dismiss Corrales. "I hired Paul because I didn't want to make a decision on a full-time manager, and we'd had good luck bringing in people from our own organization. Dallas Green was farm director when we made him manager in late 1979, and the next year we won the World Series."

"I've managed in two different situa-

tions," says Owens, who has a voice that sounds like the hum of an air conditioner, with some vowels and consonants thrown in. "We didn't have a good club in 1972, but we had the makings of one. I felt if I ate and slept with the players and watched them every day, I could see what moves we needed to make."

After replacing Frank Lucchesi, Owens managed that last-place team to a 33-47 record, an improvement over Lucchesi's 26-50 mark. But that was enough. Owens hired Danny Ozark as manager in 1973, concentrated on his front-office responsibilities and made the moves that produced the first of four division titles in 1976 and a world championship in 1980. "This time," says Owens, "I feel we can win right away. In fact, under the circumstances, we have to."

Since Owens took over, there has been a change in atmosphere. "Much more

upbeat," says Outfielder Joe Lefebvre, who has batted .394 for Owens. "I didn't know my role before—now I do," says Long Reliever Tug McGraw. Even disgruntled Leftfielder Gary Matthews, a starter-turned-platoonace, concedes, "For most of the guys, things are better."

"Our players were very frustrated," Owens says. "I tried to get them to realize that what's over is over. I said, 'Just take 100 at bats and see what you can do. If you get 35 hits, you're batting .350, no matter what you did before.' I tried to make it fun. There's nothing worse than going to a job you dread."

Shades of easygoing Harvey Kuenn and the 1982 Brewers? Not that simple. When Owens took over, he discovered that some Phillies had been hanging out in the clubhouse eating hamburgers during games. Calling a clubhouse meeting, he insisted that all players remain on the bench unless they were on the field or in the bullpen. He also scolded Outfielder Gary Maddox for saying he'd been used for "mop-up duty" when he was put into a game in which the Phillies trailed 9-2 and eventually lost 12-4. "A few guys are

thinking about themselves too much and not about the team," Owens told the players.

Talking tough is something of an unnatural act for Owens. "When he took over as manager in '72," says Mike Ryan, then a Phillies player, now the bullpen coach, "he gave one of those get-tough talks, and at the end he kicked a wastebasket just for effect. But his foot went through, and he couldn't get it out. He just kept walking, right to the office, while dragging that damn bucket."

Owens got off on the right foot this time by having at least one private meeting with each player. "I liked Pat Corrales, but he was miscast," says Third Baseman Mike Schmidt. "He was a very firm individual, but certain people on this club needed to be stroked."

Owens has been using six different players in the outfield and has frequently followed the advice of coaches Claude Osteen (concerning pitchers) and Bobby Wine (on matters of strategy) in game situations. So how much of the Phillies success owes to Owens?

A lot, says his executive assistant, Tony Siegle. "He's using 25 different men and they're all contributing."

Not much, says a Phillie who asked anonymity. "Some people are trying to put words in our mouth," he says. "They're having us say it's more fun to play for Owens than it is for Corrales. But there are still as many people here who are unhappy with the way they are being used as there were before. Those feelings have been submerged because we're winning. Not taking anything away from Pat Owens, but we were a team that was due to start winning."

Schmidt takes the argument even farther. "If [outfielders] Matthews, Maddox and Hayes were in the lineup every day, we could win," he says. "If we had an astute guy who wasn't so concerned about making people happy, we might be doing better."

"It's always tough to tell how much success can be attributed to the players and how much belongs to the manager," says McGraw, who's accepting his limited role better.

The case for the manager: Longtime subs like Greg Gross (.380 through Sunday under Owens) have blossomed with increased usage, and First Baseman Pete Rose, who complained nightly to Giles during a one-week benching by Corrales, has played more regularly and hit better

under Owens. "Pete will be on the team next year if he gets about 160 hits," says Giles (Rose had 103 through Sunday in 112 games and was batting .263).

Case for the players: John Denny, probably Philadelphia's MVP, has won seven of his last eight starts, and Steve Carlton's back troubles have cleared up. He has pitched well in his last three starts, including a 4-2 win over Pittsburgh last week that made his record 11-11.

It's no slight to say that Owens' best friend as manager may well be his general manager. In spring training the general manager tabbed Charles Hudson as the first pitcher who would be brought up in an emergency. Hudson joined the Phillies May 31, replacing the disabled Larry Christenson, and has a 7-4 record. The general manager also traded for Lefebvre and Reliever Willie Hernandez, who has had eight saves for the Phillies.

Wearing two hats, not to mention two pairs of shoes, definitely suits Owens. "I don't like people who don't like baseball 24 hours a day," he says.

By the time Owens was 22, he had splashed ashore at Omaha Beach, fought in the Battle of the Bulge, married a Belgian woman (the former Marcelle LeClerc) and done some studying at St. Bonaventure University. The Cardinals signed him as a first baseman, and he batted .407 at Class D Olean, but by the time he'd advanced to Class A Omaha, he was 27. "That was awfully old in those days," he says, "and I didn't want to be a baseball bum." In 1951 he became a school teacher.

But he still had the baseball bug, and in 1956 the Phillies signed him to manage Olean—for \$4,500. He has also served the franchise as a scout and chief of the farm system. "In 1961, when I was a West Coast scout, I checked into an L.A. hotel and told them I was with the Phillies," he says. "They thought I worked for the tobacco company." As farm director, Owens persuaded the Phillies to build a \$400,000 minor league complex in Florida, join the winter instructional league and scout players in foreign countries; he also transformed a pathetic farm system into one of the best.

Along the way, Owens, a Catholic, acquired one of baseball's most unusual nicknames. He got it in 1963 when Cardinal Montini became Pope Paul VI. Does Owens like what he has seen since he put on his baseball shoes?

Is the Pope Catholic?

INSIDE PITCH

(Through August 14)
by HERM WEISKOPF

George Brett has stopped using the famous pine-tar bat that sparked one of the strangest controversies in baseball history. Brett had called it "the best bat I've ever had" and had ignored a \$10,000 offer to sell it. Then he decided it "didn't feel good anymore" and is "leaning" toward "giving it to my family to keep forever." He also says, "I'd like to burn it. That way people will quit asking me questions about it." Of course, the worst

"I've never seen a run hit so many balls so hard in such a short time," said Steve Kemp of his fellow Yankee outfielder, Dave Winfield, who has batted .345 with 12 home runs and 47 RBIs since the All-Star break. "If I was sitting out in the bleachers, I think I'd go get something to eat when he was up. I wouldn't want to get killed."

thing about the bat is that it stopped producing hits. In the 10 games he used it after its return, Brett batted .289. Now he's swinging teammate Don Slaught's all-black model.

The main reason the world champion Cardinals were 55-60, in fourth place and 6½ games back in the National League East: Their pitching staff made a U turn. Third in the league in '82 with a 3.37 ERA, St. Louis was 11th at week's

RARE BEEF

"My God, he hasn't played first base regularly since 1971 in Oregon, when he was in Triple A," said Jean Luzelski of her husband, Greg, the White Sox designated hitter. With Chicago leading the American League West by 5½ games, up popped the question of what the White Sox might do with the Bull in a year when there will be no DH in the World Series. Manager Tony La Russa says it's premature to speculate, but that hasn't kept Mrs. Bull from fretting. "If they put him somewhere on the field, I'll just do," Jean added. "I'll crawl under the seat every time a ball comes his way."

continued

end, just 0.12 ahead of last-place Cincinnati. Last week the Cardinals ended their second eight-game losing streak of the season. They were outscored 25-1 during the first two innings of those eight games and 45-26 overall.

George Hendrick's lack of productivity has hurt, too. Hendrick's .321 average was the league's fourth highest, but he's had only one home run and 22 RBIs since Keith Hernandez was traded to the Mets on June 15. The Hernandez trade has had a positive side effect, though. It gave more playing time to David Green, and he has hit .309 since the deal. Last week the team got another jolt when Second Baseman Tom Herr, who was batting .323, reinjured his left knee and will undergo arthroscopic surgery this week. He will be sidelined until 1984.

Although the Reds have four fine outfielders—Gary Redus, Eddie Milner, Paul Householder and Duane Walker—they keep playing Cesar Cedeño, whose average is down to .228. . . . With Bruce Kison removed from the rotation to help out in the bullpen, the Angels desperately need at least one more reliable starter if they hope to stop the White Sox run-away. Two starters the Angels have been

scouting: Dennis Eckersley of the Red Sox, who has had a 7.01 ERA and 3-8 record since coming back from shoulder trouble, and Len Barker of the Indians, who has been bothered by bone chips in his right elbow. . . . The Expos, who could use relief help to ease the burden on Jeff Reardon (17 saves), have sounded out the Padres about a possible deal for Sid Monge or Gary Lucas.

The Angels led the Twins 2-0, and with two men on and nobody out in the fourth inning were about to blow the game wide open. Three pitches later, however, the score was 2-2. Here's how it happened: On pitch No. 1 Ron Jackson of California lined into a third-to-second-to-first triple play; on pitches 2 and 3, Minnesota's Gary Gaetti and Tom Brunansky homered. The Twins won 4-2.

After years of being a pull hitter for the Cards, the Brewers' led Simmons has returned to the spray style that got him to the majors. The change has been so effective that Simmons, a switch hitter, was batting .317 with seven homers and 77 RBIs. "The only way to hit home runs in Busch Stadium is to be a dead-pull hitter," said Simmons, the Cards' cleanup man for most of his 11 years in St. Louis. "The hall doesn't carry into the gaps."

BALL PARK FIGURES

Here is an All-Star team of rookies who are regulars, with batting averages, homers and RBIs for hitters, and won-lost records and ERAs for pitchers:

1B Daryl Scotters, Angels	.260	7	36
2B Bill Doran, Astros	.243	5	27
3B Nick Eassky, Reds	.267	8	29
SS Jho Franco, Indians	.275	8	63
LF Ron Kittle, White Sox	.259	24	68
CF Marvell Wynne, Pirates	.284	5	16
RF Darryl Strawberry, Mets	.234	15	46
C Bob Kearney, A's	.266	8	26
RHP Craig McMurry, Braves	12-7	3	15
LHP Matt Young, Mariners	9-11	3	04
RP Tom Teilmann, Brewers	7-3	3	08

But when Simmons arrived in Milwaukee in 1981, he had problems adjusting to the breaking balls and off-speed stuff favored by American League pitchers. A .298 batter in St. Louis, Simmons hit .216 in '81. He was hitting .217 after the first two months last season, then started to return to his old style, and was .287 from June through year's end.

"Suggestions had been made by a lot of people," said Simmons, "but after 11 years of success, you develop a certain stubbornness, a certain pride and arrogance that won't let you come to grips with a problem." And what prodded him to change? "I got tired of looking at .216 and .217."

Five players are being questioned by the FBI during its investigation of illegal drug trafficking in the Kansas City area: The five: Jerry Martin, U.L. Washington, Willie Wilson and Willie Aikens of the Royals, plus Vida Blue, who was recently released by the team. . . . Suffolk County Superior Court Judge James P. Lynch Jr. voided a June attempt by Buddy LeRoux to take over control of the Red Sox from the club's two other owners, Mrs. Jean Yawkey and Haywood Sullivan. Judge Lynch also ruled that if LeRoux wants to sell his interest in the team, it must be to Yawkey and Sullivan at a price set by three appraisers.

Dr. Joel Kirsch, a psychologist, has helped institute some novel techniques while working with the Giants both at home and on the road since May 1. One requires that the players sit quietly in the locker room for 10 minutes before every game so they can concentrate and visual-



HE HAS SEEN THE ERRORS OF HIS WAYS

"Here comes Mighty Mitt," Dodger Bullpen Coach Mark Creste yelled when error-prone Second Baseman Steve Sax entered the clubhouse before a three-game series in Atlanta. Mighty Mitt indeed. Though Sax has committed 28 errors this year, he didn't make any against the Braves and



even clinched Friday night's 5-3 victory with an outstanding play in the bottom of the ninth. Sax made a sprinting, jumping, over-the-shoulder catch of Bruce Benedict's pop fly, then whirled and threw in midair to double up Glenn Hubbard at first base to end the game.

ize how they want to perform on the field. One of Dr. Kirsch's special projects involved rookie Catcher Johnny Rabb, who had made numerous throws into centerfield while trying to nail base stealers. During a workout under Dr. Kirsch's guidance, Rabb deliberately made bad throws to second, then went into a "concentrative mode" and put seven of 10 pegs right on target. Since then, Rabb has cut down five of 11 would-be base stealers and hasn't made an errant throw.

Last week Dr. Kirsch administered a survey in which the Giants aired their feelings about Manager Frank Robinson. After the results were discussed in an 80-minute clubhouse session, Robinson said, "I realized that sometimes I come down too hard on people. It opened up the lines of communication. It gave me a different perspective."

"Dickie Thon is easily the best shortstop in our league, and maybe in both leagues," said San Diego Manager Dick Williams of the Astro who has hit .404 against the Padres this season. . . . Gaylord Perry of the Royals became the third pitcher this season to pass Walter Johnson on the all-time strikeout list, fanning six Red Sox during a 5-4 victory. That gave Perry 3,512 strikeouts, four more than Johnson. . . . Detroit's Jack Morris has been 11-3 since June 2. . . . Shutouts in his last two outings raised Moose Haas's record for Milwaukee to 6-0 since June 10. . . . Two reasons why Minnesota's Dave Engle had his average up to .335: A shortened swing has helped him hit .480 the past month, and he's 17 for 27 (.630) against California for the season. . . . A strained rib-cage muscle put Atlanta's Chris Chambliss on the disabled list for the first time in his 13-year career. Even though rookie Bill Krueger went on the DL with torn muscle fibers in his left forearm, the A's still had

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LENN SAKATA The Baltimore oriole infielder, who'd never had a hit against Chicago, ended his 0-for-66 slump with a 2-for-12 performance that improved his career average against the Sox to .026.

four first-year players in their rotation: Chris Codirolo, Tim Conroy, Gorman Heimuelier and Mike Warren, who was summoned from the minor leagues to replace Krueger.

ENR



SCORE™

KangaROOS' new Score™ high-top football shoe gets you in gear in a hurry. Multi-cleats do it. Go for it in comfort and protection. Score.

World's Only Shoes With Pockets

KangaROOS™


©1985 KangaROOS U.S.A., Inc. St. Louis, Missouri U.S. & Foreign Patents Pending

LIVE ON AN EASIER STREET.

A higher income. A better career. A new opportunity. The way MONEY sees it, you should see a brighter future. So if you'd like to improve your lifestyle, call for a subscription today...and live on an easier street! 1-800-621-8200 toll-free, around the clock. (In Illinois, 1-800-972-8302.) Or write to: MONEY Magazine/P.O. Box 2519/Boulder/Colorado/80322



Money
MAKE THE MOST OF IT.



GETTING BY ON THE TIGHTEST BUDGETAL FORDA

Money

SEPTEMBER 1982

LIVING LIKE PRINCE ON LESS THAN \$35,000 A YEAR

An inside look at the ways many Americans enjoy the best of everything on middle-class incomes

SPECIAL REPORT HEALTH CARE: HOW TO GET THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY

Scandinavia's health care system is a model. How can we learn from it? \$25,000 a month.

HORSE RACING

by William Leggett

Surely few days in the 119-year history of the Saratoga racetrack have been as magnificent as Saturday last. A refreshing breeze drifted through the grandstand and clubhouse and gently shook the leaves on the ancient elms, and the second largest crowd (44,333) ever came out for the big race, the Travers. It is America's midsummer Derby, and last week it produced not only a very exciting horse race but, at long last, a leader among the 3-year-olds after eight baffling months of competition.

In the middle of the long, wet stretch, Play Fellow, a rangy bay colt, came sweeping around front-runners Hyperborean and Slew o' Gold and drew out to win the 114th Travers by 1½ lengths. It marked the third time in nine weeks that Play Fellow had won a race worth \$100,000 or more, and brought long-overdue national attention to his rider, 29-year-old Pat Day, winner of more races than any other U.S. jockey in 1982 and the current leader again this year. At the top of the stretch Day whipped Play Fellow once on the right flank and then a dozen times

left-handed in the run to the wire—a splendid exhibition of horse and rider working in concert.

To most racing fans, Play Fellow was "the emerging horse" back in the early spring. One of the favorites to win Hialeah's Flamingo in April, Play Fellow finished a troubled 10th, only to resurface nearly four weeks later over a ribbon of slop at Keeneland and win the Blue Grass Stakes at odds of 19-1. But the glory lasted for only a few days. Play Fellow subsequently ran sixth to Sunny's Halo in the Kentucky Derby and fifth to Deputed Testamony in the Preakness.

The problem was Play Fellow hadn't had a chance to grow up. At the time of the Derby he was still a 2-year-old in

point of maturity. He had been a much later foal (May 20) than his contemporaries, most of whom had been born in January or February.

Play Fellow's competition in the Travers was a diverse group. Of the seven horses in the race, only one, Equus Equity Stable's Slew o' Gold, had ever won a race in New York. Hyperborean was shipped in from California after winning the 1½ mile Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park. Timeless Native's best races had been at Louisiana Downs and Ak-Sar-Ben, near Omaha. Exile King had won in Florida and Arkansas. Deputed Testamony's shining moment had, of course, come in Maryland: Head of the House's two victories were accomplished in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. As for Play Fellow, he had raced mostly in the Midwest, though he had also won in Florida.

When the gate popped open Hyperborean scooted to the lead, as expected, with Slew o' Gold close behind. Slew o'

Gold kept dogging Hyperborean and the two pulled away from the other five, making it look as though the race was being contested in two divisions. After three-quarters of a mile, Play Fellow was in fifth place, more than seven lengths off the battling leaders. But Play Fellow likes deep tracks, and at the top of the stretch he accelerated to cut the leaders' margin. And Day afterward, "When I saw Angel Cordero [Slew o' Gold's jockey] go to work with his whip, I thought I would win unless something was moving very fast behind me." Nothing was. Slew o' Gold held on for second, with Hyperborean third.

Play Fellow is owned in

All grown up, places to go

Late-bloomer Play Fellow wasn't late to the finish in the Travers



As the leaders rounded wide into the stretch, Play Fellow (center) began to move on Slew o' Gold (left) and Hyperborean,



A few snaps of the whip sent Play Fellow to the wire 1½ lengths ahead of Slew o' Gold.

partnership by trainer Harvey Vanier, his wife, Nancy, Dr. Carl Lauer, a St. Louis ophthalmologist, and Robert Victor, a retired St. Louis banker. Two years ago the partners paid a bargain-basement price of \$29,000 for the colt, then named by Ear Dear. Because of his immaturity, Play Fellow didn't start racing until late October. His win in the Blue Grass earned him enough money to get him into the Kentucky Derby, but the Keeneland race had taken its toll.

After the disappointments in the Derby and the Preakness, Vanier took the colt to Chicago's Arlington Park. "In June and July," Vanier says, "Play Fellow sprung up like a stalk of corn. He filled out and took his work seriously, although he never was a difficult horse." Jean Craguet was his rider through the Preakness; then the partners switched to Day, one of racing's best-kept secrets.

Last New Year's Eve, Day was riding at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans and had plans to welcome in 1983 at home with his wife and friends. He had enjoyed a brilliant year: 397 winners and purses totaling \$4.7 million, most of it earned at Keeneland, Churchill Downs, Arlington Park and the Fair Grounds. But it's the leading money-winner who gets the limelight, and Cordero was tops in '82, nearly \$5 million ahead of Day. Only seventh on the money list, Day nevertheless was keen to finish the year as the rider with the most wins, and at the end of the Fair

Grounds program on Dec. 31, Cordero and Day were tied at 397.

Rather than party at home, Day flew to Delta Downs, a three-quarter-mile track in Vinton, La., which has night racing. Day won two races—and the championship. Then he flew home and had his celebration.

This year Day is shooting for a second national riding title and already has more than 250 victories. At Churchill Downs so far this year, he has ridden 145 winners, breaking the track record of 57 for a single meeting. Lately he has been a trav-

eling man and has excelled in major stakes. On Aug. 7 he won the \$105,650 Suffolk Downs Sprint Handicap in Boston aboard a longshot filly called All Sold Out, and he has had three stakes winners in just eight races at Saratoga.

Did Play Fellow's victory in the Travers at last make some sense of this bewildering 3-year-old season? Maybe so, maybe not. Taking it from the top, Rowing Boy, the West's top 2-year-old, was injured and never started at three. Copeland, the East's top youngster, couldn't get 1¼ miles in a van. Croeso lit up the Miami skies as the 85-1 winner of the Florida Derby but has not raced since. Marfa fired for a while, then fell back; Current Hope took the Flamingo, but crashed ram everywhere he went and couldn't stand the goo. Sunny's Halo won the Kentucky Derby and then was hit with a variety of infirmities. After winning the Preakness, Deputed Testamony finished sixth in the Belmont and fourth in the Travers. Caveat won the Belmont, but injured his leg and hasn't raced since.

Thus, for the second straight year, the three major 3-year-old races were won by different horses. But Play Fellow has met Sunny's Halo three times and beaten him twice, while Sunny's Halo has beaten Caveat in their two races. So, add it all up and Play Fellow comes out the 3-year-old leader. Only the \$500,000 Super Derby at Louisiana Downs on Sept. 17 remains as a major race for 1983.

Play Fellow will be there. Meantime, all who saw the Travers can savor the memory of a brilliant day—and Day. **END**



What a Day! On the afternoon of his win on Play Fellow, the jockey also won a filly's stakes.

by Clive Gammon

A crown for the (N)iceman

Mild-mannered Milton McCrory finally earned the WBC welterweight title

In the last minute of the last round of Saturday's WBC welterweight championship bout at Las Vegas, Colin Jones of Wales, nearly blinded by sweat in the 106° desert heat, showed his teeth in a rabid wolf's grin at Milton McCrory's corner, then closed again with McCrory in a slamming, toe-to-toe exchange that had started with the bell for the round.

And the bell that ended it was a signal for chaos as the ring filled with the red T-shirts of Jones's men, the red and yellow of McCrory's, and both boxers were lifted high in victory. Was it conceivable—and, yes, it was more than conceivable—that the draw the two had fought to in March as they went after the title Sugar Ray Leonard had vacated was going to be repeated?

For long minutes, both bands of partisans roared in triumph. Then another bell and the verdict: a split decision for McCrory. The Detroit fighter had won by virtue of the courage he displayed against Jones's onslaught in the 12th, an attack that could not compensate for Jones's curiously lackluster eighth round.

Back at winter's end, on March 19, Jones had come to Reno as an unknown outsider—you could have bet 6-1 against his beating McCrory. It is boxing history now, how after a slow, bewildered start, Jones reversed the tide in mid-fight and, but for a strange lack of concentration in the last round, might have taken the title outright instead of coming away with a draw.

No such generous odds prevailed around the Dunes Hotel this time, even though Jones was still a 2-1 underdog. McCrory, 21, belongs to that extraordinary seminary of fighters that goes by the name of the Kronk Boxing Team, and it seemed almost all of Kronk's 25 frontline boxers were in Las Vegas last week. They worked out each day along with McCrory in a makeshift gym at the Dunes. There was no shouting, and no music, only controlled, modulated instructions by assistants of the Kronk's director and McCrory's manager, Emanuel Steward. In Steward's suite one day, he was running yet again a videotape of the first Jones-McCrory fight. At the start

of Round 2, Steward leaned forward. "Watch now," he said. "Just about a minute after the bell. There! You see it?"

One could detect a slight pulling back, a flinching by McCrory as he delivered a right. To McCrory and Steward, this was the moment when Jones-McCrory I had gone wrong. McCrory's first 17 pro fights had ended in KOs, but the last four had gone the distance.

"I had to move away in those four fights," McCrory said. "Fight one-handed. Usually it was in the sixth or seventh the hand would go, but with Jones it went in the second. I kept throwing it, but never with full power. Even blocking shots was hurting my right wrist. But the power is back now."

McCrory was confident of this because of the therapy he has been receiving from Dr. Anthony Daly of Los Angeles, who diagnosed the problem in the wrist as tendinitis. "This fight won't go the distance, man," McCrory predicted. "McCrory won't just be a jabber and a runner in this fight. McCrory's Force is with him." Steward was even more positive. "He'll knock this kid out in five," he said. "I have no major concern over this fight."

Nor did any of McCrory's fans show concern in the first four rounds. Although McCrory failed to show the early zip he had in the first match, suddenly, only seconds before the end of the first round, Jones was wide open and McCrory put him down with a classic left and right to the chin. It was the first time in his pro career that Jones had been knocked down, and it was not serious enough to keep the Welshman from winking at his corner as he rose at once. But a loud chant of "Ice-man! Ice-man!" went up. "Ice-man gonna be crowned!"

However, Ice-man McCrory (as his fans like to call him) was not entirely fulfilling his promise to refrain from jabbing and running. When he did come forward, Jones slipped many of the left jabs and hooks that McCrory was throwing at his head and body while at the same time



plainly trying to get inside to negate McCrory's two-inch-reach and five-inch-height advantage.

Toward the middle of Round 4, Jones hurt McCrory with a heavy left hook. Yet there was no follow-up, McCrory again running out of trouble, scoring on the retreat with light lefts. It seemed, though, that this time Jones was going to come into the fight a good deal earlier than he had in Reno, which was just what his manager, Eddie Thomas, had planned.

"Colin's going to start in on him early, then McCrory's going to run," Thomas had said. "And if he runs, he'll burn up. You can't run away from the sun." The remark had seemed not without an element of wishful thinking, since it was log-

seal to assume that, coming from cool Wales, Jones might have to struggle to overcome that factor himself. "Thank God for the 12-round rule in a place like this," Thomas had added, "though it would have been our fight if it had gone 15 in Reno. I'm told the Kronk [he made it sound like an entity from *Star Wars* /V]

flanked by his father, Raymond, and brother, Ken, and was relaxed and happy—until two days before the fight.

That was when Promoter Don King, having found a fiscal mess at the financially pressured Dunes, caused some anxious moments. On Thursday morning Jones sat bleak-faced in his manager's room, staring at an open magazine without reading it, still trying to absorb what he understood to be King's suggestion that Jones take a one-third cut in the purse he had been promised before he left Wales—\$300,000, that is, instead of \$450,000, a record sum for a British boxer. "A little naughty, isn't it? Two days before the fight," said Thomas. "Look what it's doing to my fighter."

Lawyers moved in. By day's end the matter was settled, and King dropped the issue. But it was still uncertain how the business had affected Jones, though an answer might have been found when it came to Round 7 against McCrory.

The fifth had been the first round the Welshman clearly won. In the sixth it was obvious that McCrory was losing confidence. He was lying on Jones to smother the punches and looking anxiously at his corner.

It was in the seventh that Jones unleashed an attack of such fury that he might have been seeing King, not McCrory, in front of him. He started ear-

ly with a jolting right hook to McCrory's jaw, followed it with a left hook to the body, and from then on it was barely possible to count the punches that had McCrory rolling back.

The Ice-man, in fact, looked to be melting. Indeed, the name has always been a puzzling one. In reality, it is tempting to mark a big "N" ahead of the "ice" because it would be difficult to find a milder-mannered fighter than McCrory. At the end of what appeared to be a disastrous round for McCrory, one reflected on the curiously passionless attitude he had displayed about his boxing. "This is a job to me," he had said earlier. "When this fight's over, I'll stay away from boxing as long as I can. I don't want to read about it, talk about it. Baseball is what I love. My sports hero is Al Kaline. . . ."

But some patron saint of baseball lovers must have been looking down because, extraordinarily, in the eighth, Jones let McCrory rest, recover, did just enough to keep McCrory from winning the round; stood there and let the Detroitier off the hook. Not until late in the ninth did Jones chase McCrory in earnest again, catching him with a left hook to the temple, then with a combination. But it was too late.

"There's a crown out there, Ice-man," McCrory's fans yelled, sensing that he could make it on his left jab and his boxing skill. And so he did, though that wild and bloody last round showed that to both fighters the issue was still open.

Afterward, Thomas said he had told Jones to take it easy in the eighth. He was worried about the heat, he said. Had Jones followed that advice too faithfully? It was in the eighth, after all, that he had lost the fight.

"Milton controlled the tempo all through," said Steward at a postfight press conference, but he didn't sound as if he had even convinced himself. McCrory said nothing. Jones stood up as seriously as if he were addressing a formal meeting, then burst into tears. Then the fighters embraced.

"It could be the beginning of another Ali-Frazier series," Steward said, and maybe he meant it. "But I don't want to see Jones again for at least a year."

"But next time in Wales," said Thomas, counterpunching.

And over there, should they ever get to see a fight like McCrory-Jones I or II, it might even wear them off rugby. **END**



Although McCrory's hit-and-run offense piled up points early, he had to survive a rally by Jones.



keeps their gym heated to 100 degrees."

Jones had worked out in the Nevada heat for four weeks, but instead of having Jones spar up to nine rounds a day, as he would have at home, Thomas kept him to a maximum of seven.

Last week a 200-strong contingent of Welsh supporters showed up in Vegas and promptly took over the bar at the Dunes. Jones dropped by each night, protectively

Red, white, black and blue

by Jack Falla

Downtrodden Team America turned Team Animal and tied Juventus of Italy

It was a high moment in low tech. When the public address system at Washington's RFK Stadium failed before the start of Wednesday's NASL game between Team America and the Cosmos, most of the crowd of 11,612, with nary a snicker or boo, came to the aid of soloist Janet Schuessler, joining voices in a spirited a cappella rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

In a way, the moment symbolized the first seven months of the struggling and threatened life of Team America, the U.S. national side in training—technical deficiencies sometimes surmounted by high spirits and willing hearts.

All that was dramatically evident last week when, after losing 2-1 to the Cosmos—the 10th defeat in its last 11 NASL games—the club that calls itself "America's Cream, Washington's Team" rose up Saturday night and turned in one of the most significant performances in the history of U.S. soccer. In an exhibition match that drew 20,111 to RFK, Team America played to a 1-1 tie against the Juventus Football Club of Turin, Italy, one of the best teams in the world. Juventus boasted seven players from Italy's 1982 World Cup championship team, including Forward Paolo Rossi, whose six goals during the Cup made his name foremost in all soccer. It's no small thing then that Rossi was not allowed a single shot on the Team America goal in the 45 minutes he played.

If a tie is like a kiss from your sister, then this one was like a date with Miss World. "I hope Americans realize the significance of this game," said Forward Tony Crescenelli, a native of Italy but, like all the Team America players, a U.S. citizen. Crescenelli said that Juventus' Marco Tardelli told him, "I thought we'd come

over and kick the ball around a little bit. I never expected you Americans would be that good."

The team that shocked the Italians was anything but a star-spangled lineup. Rather, it was a collection of native-born and naturalized American players willing to take a chance on the notion of a full-



Newcomer Peterson brought muscle to bear on the Italians.

time U.S. national team competing in the NASL as a means of preparing for qualifying matches for the 1986 World Cup in Mexico. Team America sometimes plays so rough that early on it was nicknamed Team Animal.

The idea behind Team America was to give the best U.S. players two full seasons of competition together, the better to achieve cohesion and perhaps avoid the

early exits that heretofore have characterized our World Cup participation. Team America is a joint venture of the U.S. Soccer Federation, this country's sanctioning body for the sport, and the professional NASL. For its part, the USSF hired—and pays—Team America Coach Alkis Panagoulis, a Greek-born naturalized U.S. citizen and former coach of the Greek national team, while NASL team owners agreed to lend up to three players per franchise to Team America, which would assume those players' contracts. League President Howard Samuels persuaded his old friend, New York City lawyer and businessman Bob Lifton, to assume ownership. And then the trouble started.

In February, after Panagoulis named the players he thought would be on his roster, he discovered that many of the best Americans, such as Cosmos Midfielder Ricky Davis and Forward Steve Moyers, were unwilling to leave their own teams for the uncertain surroundings of Team America. Though Panagoulis did muster some of the better U.S. players, including former Tampa Bay Midfielder Perry Van Der Beck and ex-Cosmos defender Jeff Durgan and Forward Chico Borja, the coach realized he would have to start the season not with the players he wanted but with those he could get.

Playing with what Durgan says was "just a lot of guts, heart and emotion," Team America broke from the box with an 8-5 record, all of the victories by one goal—three on shoot-outs. But since then the team has dropped to last place in the NASL's overall standings. When the wins stopped coming, so did the fans.

"A typical American response," says team marketing and sales Vice-President Jeff Wagner of an attendance average that dropped from 19,952 for the first

continued



The experts have had a lot to say about the new Thunderbird.

“Thunderbird is a head turner.”

Washington Business Journal
May 1983

One of the best about Thunderbird's design. Its flowing lines help reduce lift on both the front and rear for excellent traction and stability, so Thunderbird's look actually helps the way it drives. It also has one of the lowest drag coefficients of any four-passenger touring coupe anywhere.

“Its performance is as smooth as its appearance.”

New York Times
April 10, 1983

With either the standard 3.8 liter V6, the 5.0 liter V8 or the powerful 2.3 liter Turbo Coupe, Thunderbird is a performer. And the power is thoughtfully applied, because the Thunderbird 2.3 liter Turbo Coupe is rated at 33 est. hwy. [22 EPA est. mpg.]

“Ford's new Thunderbird Turbo Coupe is pure driving excitement.”

Popular Mechanics
April 1983

From the tires to the suspension to the steering, the Thunderbird was designed for superior handling. Over 100 radial tires provide extra traction on both wet and dry pavement. The rack and pinion steering is quick and precise. Gas-filled struts and shock absorbers give the Thunderbird a smooth ride in normal driving conditions and a supportive ride when either you or the road demand. And all these parts work in concert to make the Thunderbird handle the road with confidence.

“To say that this car is the best new Thunderbird in years is a dramatic understatement.”

Road & Track
January 1983

When we say “Quality is Job 1,” we're talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. An independent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

*For comparison, Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, and weather. Actual highway mileage lower.

Get it together—
Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



“The new Thunderbird is Detroit's design triumph of the year.”

Car and Driver, July 1983



GRAND PRIZE

A trip for a family of 4 to the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics via AIRLINES, the Official Airline of the 1984 Olympics, with Luxurious land accommodations and tickets to all Olympic events plus \$8,000 in AMERICAN EXPRESS® TRAVELERS CHEQUES, the Official Travelers Cheque of the 1984 Olympics. The Olympic opening ceremonies are on July 28th, 1984, and closing ceremonies are on August 12, 1984.

Retail value: \$15,000



FIRST PRIZE

A new 1984 BUICK CENTURY LIMITED SEDAN. Buick is the Official Automobile of the 1984 Olympics.

Retail value: \$10,000



SECOND PRIZE

An ATARI® 800™ Home Computer (that connects to your television), by ATARI, the Official Home Computer of the 1984 Olympics. Plus the Programmar™ Kit, the Entertainer™ Kit (including games and Joysticks) and three additional entertainment cartridges.

Retail value of each: \$1,000



THIRD PRIZE

A LONGINES Watch, featuring Swiss styling with quartz accuracy, by LONGINES, the Official Watch and Official Timekeeper of the 1984 Olympics. (Men's or Women's.)

Retail value of each: \$300

FOURTH PRIZE

A beautiful 16" x 25 1/2" Olympic Poë Vautier art poster by LeRoy Neiman, America's leading sports artist.

Retail value of each: \$20



FIFTH PRIZE

A roll of film, 24 color prints, with free film processing by FUJI FILM, the Official Film of the 1984 Olympics.

Retail value of each: \$15



"MILLION DOLLAR OLYMPIC SWEEPSTAKES!"

YOU MAY ALREADY BE AN INSTANT WINNER

CHECK YOUR CONVERSE SWEEPSTAKES NUMBER BELOW

OFFICIAL WINNING SWEEPSTAKES NUMBERS

7102554	003794	088414	027386
500022	047941	300964	027929
400281	079684	073546	401732

HOW TO PLAY

Compare your Converse sweepstakes number below with the 12 official winning sweepstakes numbers listed above. If you have a matching number, you are an Instant Winner!

If you are an Instant Winner, take your winning number to a participating Converse retailer and match your number against the Converse "Million Dollar Olympic Sweepstakes" display card to determine the prize you have won.

To claim your prize, submit your Converse sweepstakes certificate containing your winning number, plus \$1.50, to Converse Instant Winner, P.O. Box 5000, Weymouth, MA 01978.

CONVERSE OFFICIAL RULES

1. The 12 large sweepstakes numbers on your sweepstakes certificate represent any of the 12 official winning sweepstakes numbers listed above. If you are an instant winner, you will receive the prize you have won.
2. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Company Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used.
3. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used.
4. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used.

Good through 12/31/84. This sweepstakes must be played by 12/31/84. American Express Company Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used. The instant winner is the first person who plays the Sweepstakes and 25,000 American Express Cards are instant winners for the first 25,000 American Express Cards used.

HERE'S YOUR CONVERSE SWEEPSTAKES NUMBER CERTIFICATE

297386

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Converse Store Name _____
Store Address _____

To claim any prize, send \$1.50 See Rule #4

1. Instant winners will receive the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won.
2. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won.
3. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won.
4. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won. The prize you have won is the prize you have won.



seven home games to 8,010 for the last four. "We'll lose about a million dollars," says Lifton. He has already given an ultimatum to Samuels and NASL owners that next year "This team will have all the best American players, or I will not fund it."

But it is the players themselves, more than the league or its franchisees, who seem reluctant to cooperate. "Team America is an NASL club, not the United States' national team," says Davis, who played on the U.S. national team in 1982. "Believe me, if this were truly the U.S. national team and it was headed into world competition, you'd have to shoot me to keep me from playing."

Dorgan, who after wavering between the Cosmos and Team America has since become the latter's outspoken captain, sounds as though he might be willing to take Davis up on his offer. "If this team isn't right for Davis or for anybody, let them come and help," he says. "You have to get off the fence."

Meanwhile, Samuels suggests that Panagoulas solve the problem by decreeing that any U.S. player chosen for Team America next season must either play for it or forfeit consideration for the World Cup squad, which will begin qualifying matches in the fall of 1984. For his part, Panagoulas refuses to be the heavy. "If I force them to come, they won't play hard for me," he says. "But as the World Cup gets closer they must come, because they don't want people saying, 'He takes care of himself but not his country.'"

There were hints last week that Panagoulas may be right. Both Davis and Moyers said they would reconsider the issue next season. Another top American, Seattle Forward Mark Peterson, left the Sounders to join Team America on Aug. 8. Against the Cosmos, Peterson made the pass that set up Rudy Glenn for the team's only score.

"See the difference just one good player makes," said Panagoulas. "Now give us three or four, then send over Juventus. Then send over anybody."

But until then, Panagoulas has to face the task of building a team with the materials at hand. "The American weaknesses are in ball skills and lack of game experience at top levels of competition," he says. "The strengths are defense, coachability and fighting spirit." Given these premises, Panagoulas has created a defense that ranks near the top of the



More Yanks like Dorgan will keep Lifton grinning and even make Panagoulas smile.

league, but apparently at the expense of his offense. At week's end Team America ranked last in the league in goals scored with 26. Deducting three goals awarded for shoot-out wins, two scored on penalty kicks, two on corner kicks, two on free kicks and one own-goal, leaves a pathetic 16 goals in 24 games.

"I don't blame Alkis for playing defensively," says Cosmos Coach Juho Mazzei. "But I don't like to think this is the emerging American national style. This is not soccer. This is anti-soccer. As Americans get better, they will get more creative."

Maybe. But for now, a defensive team is not all that Panagoulas hath wrought. Team America is a rough defensive team. "We're tough and physical, but it's because we have to be," says Dorgan.

It is Team America's predisposition to hit that prompted San Diego Sockers owner Bob Bell to dub the club Team Animal following the Americans' 2-1 win on May 21. Each team picked up 21 fouls that day. Indeed, there are moments when Team America, the tallest and heaviest (per-man average 5'11½", 172½ pounds) in the NASL, looks more like the football squad that calls itself America's Team. Saturday was a case in point: Glenn, a 6'2", 185-pound defender, was yellow-carded in the first half when he came up swinging at Juventus Forward Domenico Penso after a sideline collision, and later he was ejected after a pushing match with Antonio Cabrini

Said Crescenelli. "The Italians saw the way Rudy and some of the guys were playing and they came to me and said, 'Pazzo! Pazzo!' [Crazy! Crazy!] They're not used to their opponents playing that rough. Maybe we're all crazy."

Bump-and-run aside, Team America had its graceful moments as well, evidenced by a first half in which its dizzying one-touch passing and ball control appeared to be the equal of Juventus'. For the game, Team America could get only 12 shots on goal, while Juventus had 23. But for more than 16 giddy minutes in the first half, Team America threatened to make good Dorgan's pregame promise to make Juventus "wish they'd never left Italy." The Americans had a 1-0 lead after Borja's closeup boot of a perfect lead header from Alan Green 7:19 into the game. It required a set play and an unfortunate deflection by Team America's Peterson for Juventus to even the game. After an indirect kick, Penso took the feed from Michel Platini and bent Goshie Paul Hammond with a 30-yarder to the upper right corner at 23:50.

"We proved tonight we could play with the world's best," said Panagoulas. "And when we have all the top players... who knows? The talent and the spirit are here in this country now. And when you have that, my friend, all the rest is just technical difficulty."

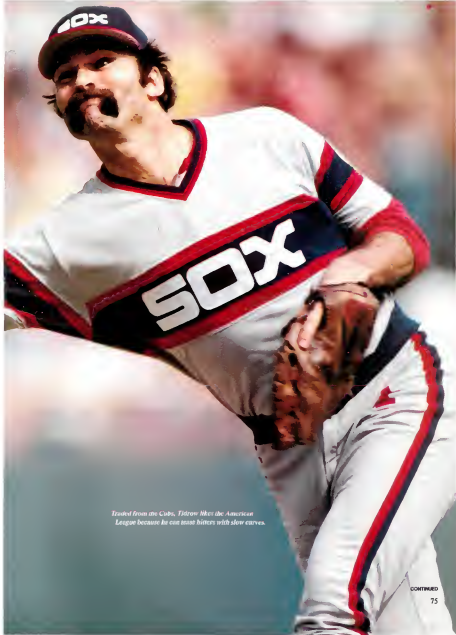
Team America may be struggling, but after Saturday, Panagoulas' optimism could be less pazzo than it sounds. **END**



SOME LIKE IT HOT

Chicago's pluckers do for sure. After a frigid start, they warmed up in the South, with the weather and led the Sox to first place in the National League East and a series

by FRANK DEFORD



Traded from the Cubs, Tidrow likes the American League because he can tease hitters with slow curves.

CONTINUED

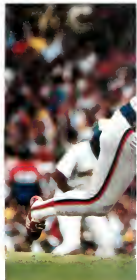
Before they go back north six weeks from now, some of them must be gone. The farms dealt Released Disabled? And before the season is long under way, some will be surprises and some will fail. Maybe even someone will be back, recalled from the bushes. Arms will hurt. Roles will change.

—From Part One of a series on the Chicago White Sox pricing staff, SI April 18

The baseball season corresponds to the agricultural cycle; in either case it is the midsummer drought that will kill you. Oh sure, the championships are played in the fall, harvest time, and in the spring, when everything begins, the 26 teams are equal in the all-important dream column, and the attention devoted to each is exceeded only by happy delusion. But it is the summers, those sultry days of routine, incessant and unforgiving. When seasons are won.

It is no mere coincidence that a lot of mediocre clubs regularly come a cropper with a June Swoon. That's when the best breaking pitches finally start to break

consistently, and more sharply. June is National Off-Speed Month. Before that, your Bingo Hitters—"N-34, G-52," the wise guys call out from the opposing dugout when an acknowledged B.H. strides up with his lumber—can dig into the cold earth and look for hanging curves or, on 2 and 0, for a steered half-fastball.



Mojo, who's 15-10, may not cut a very pretty figure, but he has the stomach for hard work and will face up to the hairiest of situations.

April and May you will have no-account hitters facing smashes, lashing ropes; the same guys will fall below the Mendoza Line in the summer heat, when the good breaking stuff looms. (The so-called Mendoza Line, drawn in the agate dust precisely at .200, was so named by some dugout wag after the immortal Mario Mendoza, a shortstop who usually flirted with the bicentennial digits.)

The summer is when the whole staff matters. In the spring, with all the off-

days and rain-outs and cold-outs, a team can get by with a couple of starters going good. Same thing at the other end. It isn't staffs that win the World Series: Two starters and one fireman can get you four games out of seven, and never mind what else you have for arms. But after the solstice, when the ground bakes and the

is sauce for the gander. "All a good hutter has to do is get his one-for-fours in the spring, and he can move up where he belongs when it gets hot," says Tony La Russa, T-Bone, the *Chisox* manager.

"It gets warm, you can stretch," says Jerry Koosman. "What is it you can't stretch, Herm?" Koosman asks. "Tendons or ligaments?"

"Ligaments," says the trainer Herm Schneider.

"Yes," the aging southpaw goes on, "that's what I was saying. It gets warm, you can stretch all those tendons. Good hutters make their living hitting in the hot summer months."

Koosman maintains that his best months have generally been the cool ones. But then, he hails from the North Country—Minnesota—and a tolerance for the broiling low-latitude climes may not be in his genes. Then, too, Koosman has always been a fireballer. It does not take him till Father's Day to get any fancy-dan back-door slider fine-tuned as an Out Pitch. Forty years old, he's still airing out the hard one. "A fireak," declares Duncan, meaning either *al Koosman* or *bi Koosman's arm*.

But wait a minute now. Forty? If you read the first installment about these Chicago hutters, you surely recall that Koosman turned 39 on Dec. 23. But here he is 40, in midsummer. "I don't know where I lost a year," he says, drawing on a Tareyton. "I kept seeing where I was 37 when I was 38 and 38 when I was 39, but what did it matter? But 40 means something." Forty is in. In June, Koosman pitched a game against The 300 Winner, who is 44. Thoughtfully, Koosman left some false teeth on the mound for his elderly opponent—"right in the hole where he strides"—but The 300 Winner is not amused by middle-aged junior high pranks.

Anyway, set free by the unvarnished truth about his age, Koosman went over to play pluck, which is a card game something like bridge, "only easier, so ballplayers can manage it," Koosman explains.

Most of the Chicago moundsmen do not, like Koosman, mainly just bring it. "Our pitching staff doesn't overpower hitters," Duncan says. "That's not our style. It's a control staff."

This was a truism repeated oft in the

spring, when the *Chisox* pitchers paced Chicago to the cellar. Perhaps you will recall that, when last we saw the staff, La-Marr Hoyt had just thrown a slider down and away to open the season. The Sox lost that game. The next night, Jim Kern, their elongated closer, came in to relieve Floyd Bannister. The third man he faced



When Kern's arm went pop, his year went, too

heat waves, it is whole staffs against each other. In the next 41 days the schedule gave the *Chisox* only one day off.

Dave Duncan, the pitching coach, recalls that in May a year ago, when he was with Seattle, the vaunted Orioles were six games under, and he asked Ray Miller, his opposite number on the Birds, if Miller wasn't worried. "No," said Miller casually. "We'll be fine when the summer comes." And the Orioles went over .500 right about when school let out and the stadiums started to fill, and the staff won 94 on the year.

Of course, what's sauce for the goose

tipped one near the mound, and Kern made the throw to first off-balance, Catcher Carlton Fisk. Pudge, came out. "You O.K., Jim?" he asked. "It looked like you grimaced when you threw that."

Kern said he was fine, but after he missed with a couple of pitches to the next hitter, he decided to "step on it." Halfway through the pitch, Kern felt the most excruciating pain of his life. All the way to the dugouts they could hear his arm. It went pop. Kern fell to his knees, although he doesn't remember that. The ball went 30 feet over the batter's head,

continued

although he doesn't remember that. All he remembers is that suddenly he found himself walking behind the mound toward second base, cradling his elbow in his glove. Somehow he had ripped the tendons and muscles clear away from the bone. Just throwing. The doctor said he had heard of people like wrestlers doing that to other wrestlers, but he had never heard of a human being doing it to himself. "Another first for good old-fashioned Jim Kern," says Jim Kern.

The White Sox lost that game, too. The next night, Richard Dotson pitching, they lost again and Texas had a sweep. Also, if you recall, the Sox' young left-handed ace, Brett Burns, had gone on the disabled list a couple of days before, felled by a virus he caught in his shoulder from the air conditioning in his motel room. One series into the season and the Sox had lost all three games and two of their best hurlers.

But life goes on, and another one of the Chicago pitchers chose these dark days to embark on his own personal journey of marital bliss. This was Kevin Hickey, the southpaw spot reliever. Hic Man, freckled, with the map of Ireland on his face, the erstwhile softball star who grew up in the veritable shadow of Comiskey Park, where he still lives. He was planning on being engaged all season with autumn nuptials. But his fiancée, Terri, lived way out in the suburbs, and Hic Man wanted her "in the neighborhood." So they got married just before the season started, and after the Chisox lost the three games (and their closer) in Texas, T-Bone seized on the happy bridegroom as reason enough for a party. It was a whale of a party, too, the sort that stretches ligaments, and two days later in Detroit, Dennis Lamp, replacing Burns in The Rotation, finally got Chicago its first win. As for the newlywed, Hickey had the best beginning on the staff—five saves the first month.

The next Chisox team

party—paid for by the accumulated petty fines—was on July 17 in Cleveland, and this time the Pale Hose were ransacking (at least as that term applies in the AL Waste, where .500 sends shivers up grown men's spines). But poor Hickey had disappeared. He hadn't had a save in well over two months, and he hadn't pitched but 2½ innings—had innings—in three weeks. Gallows humor prevailed. "Well," said DH Greg Latrinsk, The Bull, when La Russa finally gave Hic Man another chance, "now you're down to only \$20,000 an inning."

"Gee, Kevin," Hoyt hollered, "when did they call you back up?"

Luckily, Hickey was undaunted. "Me frustrated? Never," he snapped. Just to be sure, he gave up smoking, 2 p.m. EDT, July 18.

Koosman was the last to depart the party in Cleveland. "All he ever says is 'Let's talk baseball,'" La Russa explains. "Parties are good because he can get people in a corner and tell them about baseball." Koosman comes not without credentials in this matter, though. All winter, then all spring training, he advised

the younger manager—La Russa is a callow youth of 38, he could be a playing manager if only he could have played—that he should be prominent in The Rotation, even ahead of some of the Young Arms. But La Russa stuck Koosman back in the bullpen, where he compiled a generous 4.98 ERA. Finally, on May 24, T-Bone moved Koosman to the starting slab, and he has been 7-5 as a starter since then, going next for big No. Two-Oh-Oh, Lifetime.

When the party broke up, Koosman was over in the corner telling Bannister, age 28, and Dick Tidrow, 36, old hurling stories.

And then the next evening, 105 nights after Hoyt had thrown that first slider in Texas, he beat the Indians 5-3, and the White Sox, who were once 7½ games behind the leader, were at last in first place. "I've carried you young guys long enough," Koosman said. "Now I'll let LaMarr and Dot do it."

Actually, apart from Burns' injury, The Rotation has remained fairly stable. Burns came back in May, and about the same time they had to go with five regular starters. La Russa had Koosman and Lamp swap places.

"I took your place," Koosman said.

"No, you didn't," Lamp said.

"I did, too."

"No, you didn't. Because I don't ever have a place," Lamp explained. Traditionally, he is all over whatever stuff he's on. This year he began the season starting, then went long out of the pen and by mid-July had become the last short man, the closer. Not only that, but Lamp went through one period when the newspapers were trading him every day (usually to the Yankees) and another when he was the one asking to be traded. Will the real Dennis P. Lamp please stand up?

No, not this day. The man from USA Today, the nation's sporting daily, which persists in disguising that fact by wrapping



Ageing fast but well, Koosman has been a valuable asset as the fifth starter.

Why American Business Trusts Emery.



Executive



Fashion Designer



Computer Manufacturer



Architect



Oil Well Engineer



These people represent more than one million customers who count on Emery to deliver everything from a contract or a computer chip—all the way up to a large automotive part.

No matter what America's shipping needs are, Emery provides reliable, on-time delivery to over 96,000 communities across the country. Emery features next day service with your choice of AM or PM delivery times. When savings are more critical than time, we offer a second day service, too.

And in an emergency, one call will speed Emery Same Day Service into action—with results by the end of the same day. In addition, Emery can deliver to thousands of locations outside the United States. With Emery First Class International Service, for example, you can ship any size package to major European cities, door-to-door—within forty-eight hours. So whether you send one contract a week or over a hundred packages a day, Emery can deliver. Call your local Emery office today and find out how Emery has earned the trust of successful businesses all over America. © Emery Worldwide, Inc.



EMERY
WORLDWIDE

We've earned the trust of American Business.

WHITE SOX (continued)



itself in a weather map and OTC tables, was there to do Lists with Lamp. Lamp is a major league mimic of major-leaguers, and the *USA Today* jester wanted to know which five sluggers and hurlers Lamp felt he was most proficient at imitating.

"Do Hic Man," Hoyt cried out.

So Lamp did Hic Man, slapping his glove on his knee while giving high fives with his left hand. Then, for good measure, he did Hoyt, too, tilting his cap far over his eyes so he couldn't see past the visor any better than an Old English sheepdog, frowning at an imaginary umpire, reemphasizing in Hoyt's soft falsetto to accent: "Why, I'll have you know my name is Dewey LaMarr Hoyt and I throw 130 pitches a game and 110 of them are always on the black."

Then, by the dugout, Lamp ran through his whole repertoire, finally deciding on a list of these Top 5 hitters: Perez, Yaz, Rose, Garvey and Stangeli, and these Top 5 pitchers: Sutcliffe, Perry, Hoyt (local boy makes good), Jenkins and Drysdale.

But if the Chisox Rotation has seen few changes, all its members have endured vicissitudes. Hoyt started off 2-6

Dotson lost four in a row in May, including, in succession, a four-batter and a one-batter, when the Onole rightfielder, Disco Dan, beat him with an opposite-field homer in the eighth. Bannister, who is still routinely identified as "the millionaire left-hander" in the *Windy City* press, was 3-9 at the All-Star break. And Burns: Though his record was never lop-



When it comes to impersonations, Lamp really glows: from the top, Philadelphia's Pete Rose, Hoyt and Cleveland's Rick Sutcliffe

sided with defeats, Burns may have struggled the most.

Just 24, the classic phenom, Burns was so advanced he was pitching for the Sox when he was only weeks out of high school. Right on schedule, he won 15 the summer he turned 21. Last August he was breezing along at 13-4 and thinking very seriously about being the Cy Young. Then he injured his shoulder, but that healed by spring training, and he quietly developed another off-speed pitch, a forkball he considers "unhittable." But then he ran afoul of the air conditioning, and it was May 9 before his '83 season began, five weeks late.

It is fascinating how perspective can influence a pitcher. That first game back, Burns was happy enough just to be on the mound, to discover that he could throw a baseball, that he still had a career. But, that revealed, a kind of post-natal depres-

sion set in, one that perhaps will be impossible for him to shake this whole regular season.

"I was always with the leaders," he says—a statement, not braggadocio. But here in May he looked around, and the other leaders were six and seven starts ahead of him, and it just didn't seem that he could ever have A Season in 1983.

Lu Russa and Duncan kept talking about how Burns's competitiveness lagged behind his physical recovery—as if he were a tennis player who had come back from an injury and had all the strokes, as before, but couldn't "play the big points" successfully. It seems to have been more than that with Burns. Another pitcher, one older and (even more important) not so talented, would accept the injury and be grateful to come back playing them one at a time. But Burns had trouble that way... especially as May dragged on, exceptionally cold and rainy. Burns comes from Birmingham, and "Baseball just doesn't seem right unless you can smell the grass." It would have



been sacrilege to admit it to anyone, but sometimes he found himself feeling as if the whole damn year were a washout; visions of '84 passed through his mind. When he met people, he disparaged himself. "I'm Brit Burns, five and five," he would say.

Or sometimes just "five and five," as if it were a dirty nickname. Worse, soon he was old "five and six," and he seemed so befuddled when he pitched that people began to question whether or not it was an injured arm he was concealing. It's funny. While we almost expect athletes to fall into slumps, mental slumps are really not acknowledged or tolerated. "One of Brit's biggest assets is his head," La Russa said, shaking his Mayhe. If there were someone around who could press Burns for his spot in The Rotation, it might loosen the cobwebs of his mind.

It must be an especially interesting relationship that La Russa and Burns share. La Russa has been managing six years, while Burns has been playing as a pro for six years, and they came up together through the Chicago system. For at least part of every season that the one has managed and the other has played, they have spent time with each other. A few weeks ago, when Burns was angry and puzzled that La Russa had yanked him from a game he could win, he still pushed to say, "But I'll tell you one thing. T-Bone cares more about the careers of his players than he does about winning, and I don't know how many other major league managers are that way."

A game Burns pitched in Milwaukee late in July showed the sort of wandering his brain was doing. He was by turns puzzled and dispirited from the outset, when Pudge started him off with two curves. It was the first time in his life Burns hadn't opened with a fastball.

Moreover, Burns believes in one of Koosman's pet theories. To the younger pitchers, Koosman is like some sage old Indian medicine man, Wise Southpaw. "Koo's idea at the start of a game," Burns says, "is that they haven't seen a real fastball for 24 hours, so at least the first time through the order, you go right at 'em."

Koosman—like Tidrow, who also pitched in the National League—believes that probably applies all the more in the American League, where, generally, more pussyfooting goes on. "It's a little bit of everything," Koosman says.

continued

Heavy duty pain reliever.



Introducing the new Etonic Stabilizer.™

Here's a shoe that's been sorely needed by heavier runners. Guys who weigh more than 2½ times their height in inches.

The new Etonic Stabilizer has a thicker, denser EVA midsole to take the pounding a heavier runner gives his body. Our patented rear lacing system for a snug fit. And the Dr. McGregor Foot Cradle for comfort.

So, if your running's been suffering because of your shoes, there's a prescription available over the counter at your running-shoe store. The new Etonic Stabilizer.

Etonic®
Winning never felt better.



TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

To look at *Photographing Nature* FREE for 10 days call toll-free

800-621-8200
(In Illinois 1-800-972-8302)

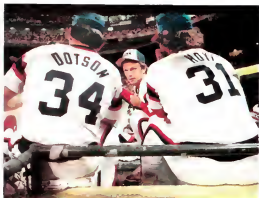
or write: Time-Life Books,
Time & Life Building
Chicago, Illinois 60611

ONE FREE CALL COULD MAKE YOU A BETTER NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER!

You can take a picture of a tiger. Or you can take a picture of a tiger that *will* grow. We'll show you the difference in *Photographing Nature*, first volume in an advanced course based on the collective experience of the great LIFE photographers. Like every volume in the LIFE LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, *Photographing Nature* is yours to examine for 10 days FREE. Take better pictures by then, or return it and owe nothing. Keep it and *Photographing Nature* is yours for \$14.95 plus shipping and handling—or less than the cost of buying and developing two rolls of film!



1988 TIME LIFE BOOKS INC.



Sutton and Hoyt know ex-Catcher Duncan can never postulate: "Now, when I was pitching..."

WHITE SOX continued

"Like, in the National, for a while they even made you have an extra bat on deck so that if you broke one you wouldn't go back to the dugout. Or, you can't just demand time over there. You have to ask for it, and maybe the umpire won't let you have it. And, of course, the strike zone is up over here, so the pitches are up. More hits, more at bats." The whole tempo is simply more languid in the

American and perhaps even more so with the Pale Hose, which suits T-Bone, who is by nature deliberate, by training a lawyer. One time this year the Sox and Brewers took a record four hours and 11 minutes to play nine innings. Ernie Banks would love being with these Sox; often they play two when it is only one.

American League pitchers go in for more teasing and probing than National League pitchers do. "I come in here with a runner on first," Tidrow says. "I might start off with a couple of slow curves. I do that in the National League, then I might well be throwing my third pitch with a runner on third."

A pitcher now in the Senior Circuit who has been in both leagues and thinks "Maybe I'll go back," requesting anonymity on that premise, maintains that National League umpires, generally, are pitchers' friends. Not only do they call the low strike, but they won't go easy on checked swings. "But most important," he says, "in the National, a batter can't take a two-strike pitch just off the corner. Over here, the umpires figure that very few hitters are good enough to lay off that kind of close pitch and call the game for them. Give the hitters that just off the black, pretty soon they'll want an extra six inches."

As a consequence, American League pitchers have a reputation for shaving things too fine—or as Pudge said of Burns about this particular game: "Britt was trying to throw perfect pitches." And

the very next night, of Bannister. "He was too picky in the beginning. Every hitter, he's behind two and oh. And it's tough to get guys out when you start off two and oh."

T-Bone and Pudge may have had words earlier in the year about the way the veteran catcher called some games, but there is no question in the manager's mind which part of the botchery must assume the major burden of responsibility for pitches thrown. "Don't tell me about the catcher's signs," he snaps. "Who's got the ball?"

Certainly by midseason, any pitcher and catcher working together should understand each other. Duncan, one of only four pitching coaches in the majors who was a catcher—"The advantage I have is, a pitcher never has to worry that I'm going to say to him, 'Now when I was pitching, here's the way I did it'"—prides himself on pitch selection. Pitchers who constantly overrule their catchers he calls "impulse pitchers," and, he says, "They blame the catcher, but what it really is, they just never get to know themselves well enough." Invariably, impulse pitchers are losers, he says.

Still: *Who's got the ball?* In the 3,471½ innings he's pitched, Koosman has only once or twice had "catchers argue with me with their fingers." Dotson, like Burns, is only 24, but he knows the way it has to be: "The pitcher has to do the calling. Sure, you win as a team, lose as a team, but your team loses, you're the only one they give the L to. You go out and get another newspaper, and it's still the same numbers."

Bannister, the other southpaw in The Rotation, is almost obsessively determined, even for a pitcher, to command his own destiny—as private a professional as he is a person. A devout man, happily introverted, Bannister studied engineering at Arizona State, and it is an ordered universe he pitches in. If only "Bannister's anger can be aroused," pleaded a Windy City paper. Not likely. Then it wouldn't be Bannister.

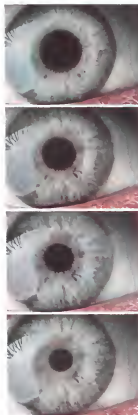
Second Baseman Julio Cruz, The Jumping Jack who also came over from Seattle to the Sox, shakes his head. "No, nothing ever upsets Banni," he says. "Well, cheap home runs. That would get to him, because it just wouldn't seem right to him the way they could yank a good pitch out of the dome, down in the corners. After a while, Banni just

continued



Burns recovered nicely from a shoulder injury, but La Russa (right) felt some fire was gone.

YOUR EYES ADJUST TO LIGHT. SHOULDN'T YOUR EYEGLASSES?



Your pupils automatically open and close thousands of times a day—regulating the amount of light that reaches your optic nerve. Without this continuous, miraculous adjustment you wouldn't be able to see clearly or comfortably.

As wonderfully designed an instrument as the human eye is, even it needs some help. Just walk out of a dark movie theater into bright sunlight and you'll see a glaring example. And you'll see why you need Corning Lenses That Change™.

Like your eyes, our lenses change as the light changes—from eyeglasses to sunglasses in less than sixty seconds*—helping you see more comfortably. And their gray and brown tints are as fashionable as any lenses you've ever worn. But there's even more to our lenses than meets the eye.

Besides being highly effective in reducing glare in bright light, Corning Lenses That Change also cut glare in cloudy or hazy sun. And because they're made of scratch-resistant glass they're also an excellent value.

Ask your eye care professional about Corning Lenses That Change in brown or gray. They're one of the best things you can do for your eyes.

CORNING
LENSES THAT CHANGE™



WHITE SOX (continued)

wouldn't throw inside in the Kingdom. He wasn't going to let them take him for a cheap one there." Bannister also has a reputation for taking himself out of a game if he feels his arm is in any way damaged—not right. He is as unforgiving of his own imperfections as of any other's in an imperfect game.

And yet, Bannister can sometimes be positively stoic in the face of adversity. In a game against Kansas City last year, he was hit in the throat by a batted ball in the first inning, but he hung in and pitched seven, bravely. At the start of this season, facing all sorts of questions, even innuendo—Can the millionaire left-hander win with a contender when it counts?—Bannister first suffered a strained abductor muscle and then endured an extraordinary run of bad luck: In his nine defeats before the All-Star break his teammates hit .160 for him, eking out 13 runs. Yet he never alibied or tried to shift the blame, thereby gaining, La Russa says, "tremendous respect" from the others—all the more an accomplishment in that Bannister keeps so to himself, seldom even acknowledging the most proximate clubhouse horseplay. Because the Sox appear to be on the way to their first title in a generation, there is an increasing tendency to inquire again if Bannister can handle the pressure. That may be missing the point. Pressure should be quite easy to handle for someone so good—7-0 since the break—and as guarded as Bannister, especially wherever precision trumps passion.

At the start of spring training the betting was that Burns, Bannister, Hoyt and Dotson would be the top four in The Rotation, with Lamp or Kosman the fifth man. And into August there it was. But what kind of odds could you have gotten that the Pale Hose would be in an first place, even though right through July old Kosman had more wins than both Burns and Bannister, and that these two, the glum, portly porters, would be far back of the right-handers?

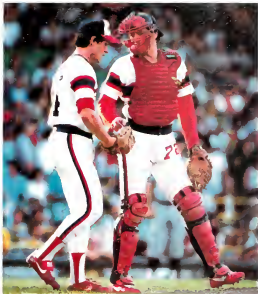
Both Dotson and Hoyt were minor league throw-ins in major league deals, and neither quite looks the pitcher's part, Dotson resembling a rosy-cheeked prepster, Hoyt exhibiting considerable adiposity, even on a club that Kosman concedes is "mildly plump." Besides, Hoyt is a blue-collar pitcher and not complicated; his idea of pitching is to put it over

the fringes of the plate and see what they can do with it. He calls his style "relaxed aggression."

Typical was a recent game against Cleveland, when Hoyt faced 25 batters, throwing strikes on the first pitch to 21 of them. Down 0 and 1, 0 and 2, the Indians hit a lot of warning-track flies. Long outs. "I found my fielders," Hoyt explained.

However, unlike Cakes, Hoyt is not pretty. His ERA is faster than it's supposed to be; also the rest of him. The Sox have petitioned him to slim down. Dewey LaMarr—The Lammer—understands. "Well, I imagine they do that because it just don't look right," he opines. "a fat guy with a beard and long hair."

He's up to 240 now and is the ace of



Fisk believes that Bannister will get ahead as a pitcher if he doesn't get behind so many batters

Isn't it funny how it's the good pitchers who give up long outs and loud fouls? Then, when Hoyt got ahead 5-0 with two service breaks, he gave up a home run. "I was just playing around a little then," he explained. "Tell you the truth, I didn't think he could hit it out of here." Hoyt is the kind of pitcher who gives when it is tolerable to give. It's like Cakes, the Orioles' underwear model, who has allowed 293 homers over nearly 3,900 innings pitched but never once let a man take him for a grand slam.

the staff at 15-10, worst year he ever had, he played at a svelte 165.

He was in the Yankee system then, and one day in spring training he just yiddled over to Catfish in the outfield and asked him what advice he had to offer about pitching. "Well," Catfish ventured, "a man can make a living on the outside of the plate."

"I got it so now," the Lammer explains, "a left-hander can't even touch a pitch of mine outside the black. I mean, he can't even foul it off. The only trouble

with me is, I haven't hit a man all year. And they know it. They stay in on me and hit some good pitches they oughtn't."

He shrugs and takes another swallow of lager, resembling all the more a Hais painting. Or Mickey Lolich. Whatever, the one thing everybody says about Hoyt is LaMarr keeps you in the game. From the beginning of last season through the end of last week he had started 58 games and come away with 55 decisions—which figures out to one of the highest percentages in history for staying in the game. Did even old Iron Man Joe McGinnity keep you in the game like that. 58 for 55? Nowadays they have relievers, too. LaMarr, what's that mean exactly, you keep them in the game?

"Well, it means you don't give up a run till they give up a run."

But probably because Hoyt is a fat guy with scruffy hair, nobody much notices. He had the most wins in the league last year at All-Star time and didn't make the squad; he had the most wins for the season last year (19) and didn't get a single vote for the Cy Young. "Yeah, I'm just the Rodney Dangerfield of baseball," Hoyt says. "But the good part is, I can still hide in the bushes. And I've learned something too: To be good is one thing, but to be in the right place at the right time is another."

While nobody can Stay Around The Plate like Hoyt, Dotson's control improved as soon as the warm weather came, and that turned him around. He also tried hypnotism once. The Pale Horse keeps a hypnotist on the payroll.

"You know," Burns explained one day, "me and Pudge were talking about La Russa. T-Bone wasn't a good player himself, and he had to look for every edge for himself, which is good. Only some of us don't need every edge."

You mean, if you have enough talent?

"Yeah, with some people, edges might even get in the way."

But then, all skippers look for edges. That's why they're skippers. Koosman remembers the time he was playing for Gil Hodges, who had been a very good player. Koosman got stung on his pitching elbow by a line drive. Hodges came out to inquire if Koosman was O.K. "Yeah, I'm fine," he said, massaging it.

"All right," Hodges said. "Tell you what: Ask for one practice pitch, throw it
continued



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a log. We'd like to get to know you.

THERE ISN'T MUCH going on here. But that's not unusual for a springtime morning in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Two of our rickers have a truckful of wood to unload, split, stack into ricks and burn. But first, they're chatting with a good friend about weather or taxes or the county's new commissioner of roads.

You see, at Jack Daniel's, we know that hurrying only harms good whiskey. And from what our rickers tell us, it doesn't do people a whole lot of good.



CHARCOAL

MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Len Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government

up on the screen, then say you're fine." Which Kosman did, to the consternation of the next batter, who then had to be shoved into the batter's box.

As for Devos, after he was hypnotized, he gave up three runs in the first inning. "Not even a hypnotist can keep me from hanging a curve," he said.

But he won 9-7, which is an edge, and not an L, in any newspaper you can buy.

Two of the things that don't count for nearly as much as they used to are virginity and complete games. As La Russa says, "We don't pay off on complete games here." Of course, in most other places the banner of complete games must be kept waving. A CG remains a goal so that when pitchers fall short, as invariably they do, they will feel guilty and, as well, suffer one more black mark should they ever come to arbitration. Also, it is psychological. Tidrow, who used to be a starter, explains, "It's hard to tell a starting pitcher: give me six good innings, and then I'll get you out, because then the starter's liable only to think in terms of six and he won't go but four."

Finally, remember what Archimedes told Pythagoras, that if one hurler goes all nine, zero is left for the firemen. A bullpen is a rickety enough emotional structure as it is.

Through last week the Pale Hose did, in fact, lead the American League in saves with 35, but it took six different firemen to accumulate that total—and only one of them was in double figures. "A masterpiece," Roland Hemond, The Wily G.M., says in praise of the way La Russa has shifted his arms. But you're better off if you have the privilege of managing dull, with a set bullpen, like Kansas City's, which has 34 saves but 31 of them from one arm, the submariner's. As Duncan says, "When you lack the dominant force in the bullpen, the way we do, every time you have to change roles it creates mental strains."

Lamp, with his sinker, is the short man now, the closer, replacing Salomé Barajas, who faded at midseason. Barajas pitches year-round, Mexico and the

States, and maybe he went through what Hoyt calls a "bull in your arm." It appears that Barajas is snapping back now; Hoyt also says that "an arm can get a second wind." In June, Juan Agosto, a baby-faced southpaw from Puerto Rico, was the temporary surprise answer. In spring training, Agosto wasn't even among the top 15 candidates for the staff, four years

was nearly five, the worst on the staff

Meanwhile, Tidrow shaved off his beard and maintained a respectable ERA, but he suddenly started chucking gopher balls. Hickey couldn't regain his command, and after he blew a lead for Barajas against the Yankees on the last day of July, the Sox put him on the 21-day disabled list with a sore arm. Hickey

is probably too unflappable, too neighborhood, to stay down, though. One time a couple of years ago, when he was struggling just to pop up from Double A, he gave up a home run in spring training — to a college team. It was Eckerd College the Sox were playing "So, from now on," Hic Man advised The Wily G.M. afterward, "we should play Walgreen's instead of Eckerd's." A year later, Hickey came north with the Chicago varsity and won his first major league game on Easter Sunday in Yankee Stadium. His teammates stole the game ball from him, punted it like an Easter egg and gave it back to him that way.

With Hickey on the 21-day, there was a vacancy on the staff again. This time last year The Wily G.M. scraped up three major league additions, and he was reaching out again to try and touch up some clubs. It was understood that 206 and 612 were the area codes he was most familiar with. But: No go. He would have to look to the farms for the new arm.

Richard Barnes, the extra left-handed starter in spring training, has had some major league experience, and he passed his 24th birthday in July with a 10-3 record, the most wins in the American Association. By contrast, two other pitchers the Sox sent out, Randy Martz and Steve Mura, had spent much more time in the bigs; in fact, both won an double figures last year. But both pitched poorly in Triple A. Martz started off 2-6, Mura 1-6.

Maybe this is not so surprising. Whereas Barnes was pretty sure he'd go out, and prepared himself for that fate, Martz and Mura could only curse the luck that had brought them, proven major league winners, to a staff deep with more proven major league winners. Ti-



Barajas engineered a successful career at Arlington State.

ago he played in Puerto Rico because no team in Organized Baseball would sign him after the Bosox said he wasn't good enough for A-ball. But Agosto got married this March (just before Hickey), and he went out to Triple A and blew people away for Denver. He hadn't given up a single extra-base hit when the Sox called him up, and he debuted on June 2 with a win—one hit, no runs—going three and a third. "They'll have the whole Denver team up here tomorrow," a nervous veteran exclaimed in the clubhouse that night — and a month later, Agosto's ERA was still only 1.00.

And then, just like that, he couldn't get anybody out on either side of the Mendoza Line, and in another month his ERA

continued



*\$13,230. MSRP. Excludes destination charge, tax, license, title, and dealer prep. Dealer price may vary.

**There are only two ways
to get German Turbo Diesel technology in a wagon.
And the other one costs \$34,000.**

You know how great turbo-charging is for a diesel engine. It uses otherwise wasted exhaust gases to compress the air entering the engine. And that helps the engine deliver the performance of gasoline power with the economy, reliability and low upkeep of diesel power.

But until now, getting into a German Turbo Diesel wagon also

meant getting into a \$34,000 price.

Until the Volkswagen Quantum Turbo Diesel Wagon. It's only \$13,230*.

But you don't get just a high-tech German engine for your money. Quantum's independent suspension and patented rear axle give you a controlled, comfortable ride. They also make Quantum the best handling wagon in America.

And its carefully thought out in-

terior design makes Quantum one of the roomiest, most comfortable Volkswagen wagons ever.

So now you can get a thoroughly German wagon with the greatest improvement in Turbo Diesel technology yet

A VW price.

See for yourself.



Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

drow, who knew Martz well, having been on the Cubs' staff with him, stayed in touch with Marts. He says that at first Marts was so upset by his demotion that he simply could not accept that fact and take the measures that might lead to his return. "Very understandable," Tidrow says. "Human nature."

Nevertheless, Marts was the one they finally chose. Once he had come to grips with his lot in life for '83, he turned himself around. After that 2-6 start with a touchdown ERA—six points—he went 5-1, 2.79. So, they brought him up and T-Bone stuck him in The Rotation for a few days and put Burns in the pen to give him a "change of scenery." Now, Burns is back on the starting slab. The Willy G.M. also dipped all the way down to Class A for a kid with a sneaky fastball named Al Jones when the twin bills stacked up—even had to start Tidrow once. But now Jones is back at Appleton, and the question is what to do with Marts when Hickey comes off the DL on Aug. 22. Without Hic Man the Pale Hose are a southpaw short in the bullpen, and they still lack the flamethrower who can close it out with Ks—The Kloser.

The man who would be The Kloser remains with his family down in Arlington, Texas. That is Jim Kern. His rehabilitation—for '84—has finally begun. Sometimes he goes up to Chicago to check in with the team doctors there, and other times he goes over to the Rangers' park to scout for the Sox, but it took him almost four months before he could bring himself to visit his teammates again. "It's been extremely hard for me to go to the ball park, to watch but not be able to participate," he says. "I've been surprised how hard."

Kern, you see, was never that great a baseball fan. His real love is the outdoors; in Michigan, where he grew up, he was running a trap line when he was nine. He pitched because he found out that he had a whip attached to his shoulder, one that could propel a baseball almost 100 mph, an aberration that could educate him and make his family comfortable. But even by 1979, when he was The Fireman of the Year in the American League, he thought primarily of baseball as a vocation that enabled him "to afford this foolishness I love out in the woods."

Only now that he is 34 and his career is threatened—now he sees better what was there all along. "I miss the competition," Kern says. "To come in with the bases loaded and get out a Jackson or a Baylor—that's more than a thrill. That's extremely satisfying. And I miss the camaraderie, that sense of a second family, the team all pulling together. And the terrible thing is, all the time I've been in the majors, I never was on a legitimate contender, so I was especially looking forward to this year because we appeared to be a real contender and I was going to be asked to contribute. I was still throwing in the high 90s last year. They virtually gave me the short-relief job."

Instead, this is the summer he goes over and works at a gun shop three mornings a week, and drives his wife, Jan, crazy the rest of the time, hanging around the house with his arm. Bad enough she's pregnant in a Texas

summer, ready to deliver their third child.

Kern has found out how much he misses pitching, and besides, while he is guaranteed \$300,000 this year, he must make the club to earn that next season. "Baseball is a nice fiasco that keeps on running because you never allow yourself to look at the end," Kern says. So, while he fools with his guns, he has started to repair his arm, and he goes over to the Rangers' park and cases the opposition for The Willy G.M.

"I look at the games from a different view now," Kern says. "I finally understand what they've been trying to tell me all these years. Always before, I was just intelligent enough to be dangerous to myself. But if there's one thing I've seen from this new standpoint, it's that most pitchers try to be too fancy. They'll blow two fastballs by somebody and then figure they have to throw a breaking ball, some pitch that's maybe 60 percent as effective as the hard one. All they have to do is throw their good pitch again, just maybe in a new location, maybe with a little off it. That's all."

"I was looking forward to playing with Duncan, too, because he's communicative. He has the statistics to support what he says. Mostly, even in the majors, they just say, 'Do it this way. But nobody ever sat me down and told me why do it this way. Why? Because. You know where I learned the most about pitching? You'll never guess. Having beers with Boog Powell when we were at Cleveland. Because he told me what hitters think. Isn't that funny? All your life you're a pitcher and you're trying to outthink the hitters, only nobody ever tells you what they think. It was Boog Powell who helped me most as a pitcher.'"

The doctors have told Kern that he should be able to start lobbing in November, and if all goes right on schedule, he'll be 100% by next midseason. "Look, if I can pitch on the level I'm used to," he says, "I can be a helluva bargain for the White Sox." For a kloser, \$300,000 would be a steal. If they'd had him this year, the bullpen would have been all in order at last and the Pale Hose wouldn't have had to scuffle in the early going, and they wouldn't just be running away with the AL West. Why, they might even be good enough to play in the East.

NEXT: The staff in September.



Kern, 37 here, loves bagging birds as much as batters.

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF ATHLETES. THOSE WHO THINK. AND THOSE WHO LOSE.

The inner game of tennis. The Zen of racquetball. The psych of softball. Not surprisingly, for more and more athletes, the concept of mind-over-matter isn't just the stuff of science fiction.

It can be the difference between winning and losing.

It is, in fact, remarkable what the mind can do. In its darkest recesses lies an uncanny ability for pushing the body to staggering levels of performance.

When a marathoner's body says no at 21 miles, it's the mind that gets him to 26.

When a player needs a perfect ace for match point, the mind can beam a tennis ball into its target with the accuracy of a cruise missile.

Increasingly, the ability to win or lose lies not merely in the ability to use one's body, but in the ability to use one's head.

Not only in the way you play. But in what you play *in* as well.

What you need is footwear that is well thought out. An intelligent synthesis of design and execution.

Such a shoe is Foot-Joy.

It is no small coincidence, for example, that our Pacifica tennis shoe exposes a dimension of comfort and support previously unknown to the game.

A dual density sole is largely responsible. A bottom layer of tougher polyurethane for durability, and an inner, much softer layer capable of soaking up inordinate amounts of shock.

Racquetball, unlike tennis, is a game of sudden and violent movement. Forward. Back. Side to side. Clearly, it does not take a degree in motion dynamics to see that support is paramount in a shoe.

In the Tufts 3Q, a new three-quarter height surrounds the ankle at the most critical points for a level of support that approaches perfection.

This, while eliminating the excessive weight of a full height, above-the-ankle design. And if a shoe is lighter, it's simply that much more comfortable.

And though aerobic workouts may not be exactly competitive, there is no less a need for a thoughtfully designed shoe.

What this translates to is a shoe with the lightness, comfort and fit of Robiks. It would be difficult to conceive of any aerobic shoe that is further forward on the leading edge of footwear technology.

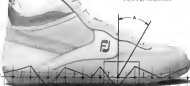
Nowhere, however, is the Foot-Joy concept of design intelligence more evident than in Sod Hogs softball shoes. With an all but indestructible rubber turf lug outsole and form fit support, it is a total departure from anything else in the game.

All of which leads us to a rather obvious corollary: the performance you get out of a shoe is not all in your head.

Foot-Joy. At your favorite sporting goods department or pro shop.



Tufts 3Q, racquetball



Sod Hogs, softball



Foot-Joy

SHOES FOR ATHLETES WHO THINK.

Learn from the experts. The Training Library from Sports Illustrated.

Put your game in the hands of today's top sports teachers. They show you what to do in these big, beautifully illustrated hardcover books. Clearly and completely so you can sharpen your skills on your own. You get dozens of step-by-step pictures and text packed with know-how. 168 to 224 pages. Large format: 7" x 9 1/8".

NEW! GOLF The perfect how-to guide for the week-end golfer. A wealth of tips from basic grips, stance and swing right up to out-patching the course.

NEW! TUMBLING 1,000 pictures and point-by-point text coach you through the complete Olympic all-around program, warm-ups to grand finales.

BASKETBALL From set shot to slam dunk, you see how to execute it all. Fitness training, play-making, winning strategies for offense and defense.

BOWLING Nothing is scarier in making this the best guide available. Footwork, how to make your approach, making sure work of spins and spares.

CANOEING It's all here—basic strokes and water safety, how to buy a canoe and maintain it, loading for a trip, portaging, handling whitewater.

RACQUETBALL Complete how-to guide that teaches strategy—far better than anyone else, according to National Racquetball Magazine.

WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS (I) Floor exercise—from basic movements to advanced combinations and dance skills—demonstrated in more than 1,000 drawings.

WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS (II) Vaulting, uneven parallel bars, balance beam—top coaches start you off right and polish your skills, includes routines, safety tips.

TENNIS Sharpen every stroke and hone game skills with this progressive training program. From how to practice to handling pressure.

BACKPACKING Wide-ranging, designed to help you enjoy every outdoor moment. Covers equipment, weather, food, safety, trip planning, campsites, more.

SCUBA DIVING A practical diving course, from using snorkel or SCUBA like a pro to emergency measures for dealing with sharks or rip tides.

RUNNING FOR WOMEN At last! A training guide geared to women's physiology. Complete, invaluable for joggers and competitive runners alike.

Start training here!

YES, please send me book(s) in quantities indicated. I understand that if not completely satisfied, I will receive a refund for any book returned within 10 days.

The Training Library \$9.95 each

- ☐ 3144 Backpacking
- ☐ 3068 Basketball
- ☐ 3076 Bowling
- ☐ 3038 Canoeing
- ☐ 3173 Golf
- ☐ 296X Racquetball
- ☐ 3310 Running for Women
- ☐ 3043 Scuba Diving
- ☐ 303X Tennis
- ☐ 302X Tumbling
- ☐ 3084 Women's Gymnastics I
- ☐ 3082 Women's Gymnastics II

For _____ books \$ _____ each

For _____ books \$ _____ each

Handling & Postage \$ _____

TOTAL \$ _____

To order with MASTERCARD or VISA
call anytime. TOLL-FREE

1-800-345-8500 ext. 36

Or send check or money order to
Sports Illustrated LIBRARIES
1035C O'NEILL HIGHWAY
DUNMORE, PENNSYLVANIA 15112

Also available!

or 0/22

SI's Famous Basic Series \$5.95 each

A great way to get started! No-nonsense text and illustrations point the way. Hardcover, 96 pages. 5 1/2" x 8 1/4".

- ☐ 3084 Dog Training
- ☐ 3033 Football Defense
- ☐ 3341 Football Offense
- ☐ 0100 Football Quarterback
- ☐ 0858 Handball
- ☐ 0122 Ice Hockey
- ☐ 0960 Judo
- ☐ 0130 Juggling



- ☐ 3078 Small Boat Sailing
- ☐ 0149 Swimming & Diving
- ☐ 0155 Track Field Events
- ☐ 1725 Track Running Events
- ☐ 0050 Training with Weights
- ☐ 8422 Volleyball
- ☐ 0213 Wrestling

Send no money now. Payment enclosed with your order.

Edited by GAY FLODD

HOWARD

Sir:

Come on, cut the Cosell rubbish ("I've Won I've Best Them," Aug. 8). You people are just looking for a lot of mail from a bunch of irate jerks. Well it won't work!

JIM LADOUCEUR
Smithtown, N.Y.

Sir:

How could you put us through the torture of looking at Howard Cosell's face for a whole week?

ROSS KRAMER
Fountain, Minn.

Sir:

Shame on you! Why would a first-class magazine put the south end of a north-bound Missouri male on its cover?

BILL CRAVY
Cottonwood, Calif.

Sir:

I think the article is best described in the words of William Shakespeare: "Much ado about nothing."

RALPH B. COLE
Kennett Square, Pa.

Sir:

There's not enough space in the magazine for me to tell you what I think of Howard Cosell. Instead, I'll tell you how much I love that wonderful knob on my TV set that allows me to change the channel whenever he appears. I'm sure that, as a person, Cosell is a fine man. As a broadcaster, he's the fingernail on the chalkboard of life.

BILLY STROBEL
Middletown, Ky.

Sir:

How appropriate that Frank Deford includes a Cosell quotation that sums up how many of us feel about him based upon our exposure to him over the years. Howard said that it was going to be easy to be the "top sports guy in television" because "the rest of them are all asses." It follows that he is the biggest ass of all.

CLAUSTON JENKINS
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Deford's Cosell would make Bowell throw up, particularly the line, "I've got the public, its respect, its love, its adulation."

RICHARD CARPENTER
Sacramento

Sir:

ABC Sports originator and now prominent movie producer Edgar Schenck's comparison of Howard Cosell to Will Rogers is the sort of farcical hyperbole one associates with, uh, Howard Cosell. It is difficult to imagine that,

a half century after his demise, posterity's response to Cosell will be anything but "Who?"

JIM McMARTIN
Camarillo, Calif.

Sir:

Frank Deford says, "Howard Cosell is sports in our time." Is that "sports" as in *Battle of the Network Stars*?

B. MARK DAVIS
Tiffin, Ohio

Sir:

I finished reading Frank Deford's article on Howard Cosell and immediately wondered why I had. Cosell's telecasts, like most journalistic pieces written or delivered in the first person, annoy me. His pompous belief that he is bigger than the events he covers offends me. Mainly, however, he just doesn't interest me. If Cosell is "sports in our time," point me to the opera house.

GAVIN MCCORMICK
Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

Frank Deford's article on Howard Cosell was like a Cosell broadcast, a boring diatribe. It is easy to understand why Deford treats Cosell as a deity. They both revel in superfluous verbiage. I am one of those "poor bastards" who turn off the sound to avoid the cacophony of Howe's one-sided discourse. No, Mr. Deford, I haven't missed the game. You've missed the boat.

GEORGE DOUAIRE
Winnetka, Ill.

Sir:

Speaking for the "poor bastards" of this country, I believe that the only thing worse than Howard Cosell's profusion of pompous platitudes is journalism without balance. Surely a person as controversial as Cosell could be shown from both positive and negative sides. Deford's insinuations that Cosell's detractors are either unenlightened or anti-Semitic are, in my view, insulting. I hope that we can expect more evenhanded journalism in future articles, or my status as a 10-year subscriber to your once fine magazine will be abruptly changed.

KEITH WILSON
Fort Worth

Sir:

Please don't call me a "poor bastard." I put Frank Deford in the same category as Big Mouth. I would think the editors would have detected or rewarded that last sentence, or maybe SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is being carried away by self-importance.

JAMES E. STRONG
Olean, N.Y.

Sir:

Howard Cosell does "grab the viewer" and shake him. I would find even a soccer game interesting (soccer being a sport I do not particularly like) if he were announcing it. He is also one of the reasons I enjoy Monday Night Football so much. Deford hit the mark when referring to the people who turn Cosell off. The poor bastards do indeed miss the game. It's their loss.

GARY GAMINO
Oklahoma City

Sir:

If proof of Howard Cosell's popularity is needed, let me inform you that one of the impressions people across the country most often do for me is Cosell.

As an impressionist, I'm disappointed that Howard chose not to continue his political career in the Democratic Party. Distinctive voices and mannerisms are my career's lifeblood, and the Democrats nowadays are a little lacking in these areas. Cosell for President is an impressionist's dream.

ROCK LITTLE
Los Angeles

Sir:

Even those of us who have high regard for Howard Cosell's contributions to sports broadcast journalism are rarely able to disagree with his obvious blemishes. It is equally rare to see this complex character given a fair appraisal in any media format. Frank Deford deserves an ovation for presenting a complete picture in limited space. As for Cosell himself, the final paragraph "tells it like it is." Few professionals in any endeavor are worthy of greater tribute. Hooray for Howard!

HARRY W. CRAWFORD
Major, USA (ret.)
Jonestown, Pa.

Sir:

Being a Cosell fan who openly admits liking Howard, I have for years taken flak from various acquaintances about what a jerk I am for admiring the great broadcaster. Well, thanks to the masterful article by Frank Deford—not to mention Arnold Newman's cover photo—I am going to make all those Cosell detractors eat their words.

JOHN ELEFANTE
Fairbairn, Minn.

Sir:

Congratulations to Arnold Newman for the excellent cover photograph of "The One and Only." Frank Deford rates strong playbooks, too, for his exceptionally fine article on Howard and his family.

JOHN F. KING
Venet, Fla.

continued

The best how-to book in the business.

How to find a buyer How to find a seller
Every working day business people find out
how-to in the Bell Yellow Pages. It's the
#1 How-to-Run-a-Successful-Business book.*

In many metropolitan areas there's a
companion how-to book the Business
to Business Bell Yellow Pages. Its features all
the businesses other businesses need

Get the Yellow Pages talking **Let your fingers do the walking.**



*Durie Market Research
Survey of 5,000
businesses April 1980

From the wilderness to your walls— the splendor of Ansel Adams' images.

Three more classic works by the legendary photographer are now available as superbly reproduced yet sensibly priced posters. Like the three Ansel Adams posters published earlier to public and critical acclaim, these new posters celebrate Adams' extraordinary eye, his outstanding books—and the triumphs of modern poster printing. Prize-winning designers, state-of-the-art laser-scanned duotone reproduction, and heavy, coated stock make each generously proportioned poster a striking work in its own right. Yet the cost is well within the reach of anyone who admires Adams' photography and shares his fascination with the beauties of nature.

Look for all the Ansel Adams posters at bookstores.



The Pinnacle of Ansel Adams



ANSEL ADAMS THE PRINT



The New Ansel Adams Photography Series

MONOLITH, THE FACE OF HALF DOME 25½" x 36"
FROZEN LAKE AND CLIFFS 28¾" x 25½"
WINTER SUNRISE, SIERRA NEVADA 28¾" x 25½"

19TH HOLE continued

JAN

Sir:

Barry McDermott hit the nail right on the head when he described the steadfast determination of Just Stephenson (*The Lady Was Too Hot to Handle*, Aug. 8). She is not just another pretty face. After I saw her play at the Boston Five Classic in Danvers, Mass. two weeks ago, one thing struck me. This is no "dumb blonde." She is tough in attitude and, especially, skill. True, looks are important to her. However, winning scores and not flilly handies are what made her No. 1.

JOY GOTTLIEB
West Roxbury, Mass.

A GOOD QUARTERBACK

Sir,

Excitement! That's what Richard Todd causes, and Douglas S. Looney captured it (*Wall Street Richard*, Aug. 1). Todd is what the game is all about. He allows one to cheer wildly, and cry, too, all in a single game. He makes football what it should be, a game. Todd may not win a Super Bowl for New York, but to see him play is worth more than any ticket price.

PAUL SPRADER
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir,

Until the arrival of my Aug. 1 issue, I thought there were only two certainties in life: death and taxes. Thanks to Richard Todd, I now know there is another. The bottle of 1977 Louis Roederer Cristal champagne Todd has been saving to celebrate a Super Bowl victory will never be opened.

BILL LYONS
Stamford, Conn.

SPENCER VS. ROBERTS

Sir:

Kenny Roberts and Freddie Spencer (*A Doodle Dandy of a Dogfight*, Aug. 1) are truly unmythical American sporting heroes. As Sam Moses pointed out, they are currently waging the most dramatic battle in international motor sports, displaying talents that are even more awesome than the ultra-tech motorcycles they race.

Just as in Formula 1 auto racing, the general American public is slow to catch on. But with 70,000 fans at the Laguna Seca National in July (Roberts, Randy Mamola and Eddie Lawson raced, Spencer was withheld by Honda to protect him from injury in view of his slim lead in the world championship), a U.S. Grand Prix can't be long in coming. Perhaps then these extremely talented American racers, the best in the world, will achieve the recognition at home that they deserve.

GARY S. THOMPSON
Indianapolis

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY BOOKS/LITTLE, BROWN

34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02106

**Practice
your Canadian,
because
practice makes
perfect.**

Molson Golden.
That's Canadian for great taste.

Proudly brewed and bottled in Canada by Molson, a division of Carlsberg, imported by Molson.

There's only one way to play it...



Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is KOOL.
Because there's only one
sensation this refreshing.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, Longs, 14 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

© 1982 B&W T Co.